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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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MUNICIPAL REFORM.

AT the "National Conference for good City Government" recently held at Cleveland, Ohio, reports were made by gentlemen prominent in the reform movements in progress in the larger cities of the country as to what had been contemplated, or attempted, or accomplished. These reports presented a striking unanimity of opinion to the effect that in order to put the administration of municipal affairs upon a sound business basis it is, above all things, necessary to exclude national and State politics from municipal elections and from the conduct of municipal government. This is by no means a new discovery. It is, on the contrary, an old story, which, however, cannot be repeated too often, especially since the experience of the city of New York has shown what obstacles even the most hopeful attempt to carry this principle into practice has to encounter. The non-partisan principle in municipal government had never been more clearly and emphatically asserted than in the platform upon which Mr. STRONG was nominated, and in the campaign speeches, among them his own, which preceded the election. No candidate ever stood more unequivocally and more solemnly pledged to do one especial well-defined thing than Mr. STRONG stood pledged to make the city government strictly non-partisan. And, it may be added, Mr. STRONG no doubt honestly intended to remain true to that pledge as he understood it. But he had hardly entered upon his duties as Mayor when it turned out that he understood it wrongly—non-partisan government meaning to his mind not that the offices should be filled with persons selected exclusively on account of their fitness for the duties to be performed, but that they should be distributed with a certain impartiality among the various organizations which had contributed to the Mayor's election. It also soon became clear that Mayor STRONG did not possess moral courage and firmness enough to withstand the pressure coming from his party friends.

That Mayor STRONG'S administration has resulted in some serious failures and disappointments cannot be denied. But it would be entirely wrong to say that non-partisan government had failed or had disappointed the expectations of its advocates. In truth, the failures and disappointments have been owing to the fact that we have had no non-partisan municipal government in the true sense of the term. We have a city government conducted by a man who, when he promised non-partisan municipal government, meant multi-partisan government, never having had a correct and clear conception of what non-partisanship really means—a man, we regret to add, who, even if he had mastered that conception, would not have been steadfast enough to defend it against his party friends. Non-partisan municipal government, therefore, cannot be said to have failed, because it has not been tested. The failure is that of a man, not of a principle or a system. From this failure we have gathered the valuable lesson that if we want to have the benefit of non-partisan municipal government in the true sense, we must put at its head a man intelligent enough to understand what it means, and firm enough to uphold it.

But something may also be done to relieve the head of the government of that pressure which, it seems, only few men are able to resist. We should extend the civil service rules over as many as possible of the places under the city government, so that they can no longer be used as patronage. When, shortly after the accession of Mayor STRONG to power, Boss PLATT still thought he would have his share of the spoil, he wished especially to put one of his men into the Commissionership of Public Works, just as he desired, and succeeded in obtaining, control of the Public Works Department under the State government. He was after these places not merely for the purpose of snugly accommodating two of his henchmen, but on account of the large patronage which those henchmen would have to distribute. The Public Works departments of the State and of the city, stripped of that patronage, would have been of very little importance to him, hardly worth fighting for. The same may be said of other high offices under the municipal government—those of the Street-cleaning Commissioner, the Board of Health, the Board of Charities, the Commissioner of Correction, the Police Commissioners, and so on. Deprive them of the power to put political workers or their dependents into paying public employments, and they will in the same measure cease to be objects of interest to the party boss or to the machine; and "pressure" will diminish likewise.

The largest possible enforcement of civil service reform principles will accomplish this end. In this respect great progress has been made. The operation of the civil service rules has been extended over a large majority of the subordinate places, and the system of registration as applied to laborers has largely withdrawn that branch of the service from the reach of spoils politics. The number of excepted places still subject to the arbitrary pleasure of the appointing power is small, and may still be very much reduced. It is true the introduction of the reform has not yet in a corresponding degree abated the nuisance of partisan interference in municipal affairs. But this is owing to the fact that the spoils politicians have not yet given up the struggle against civil service reform itself, still hoping, if not to repeal the law, at least to circumvent it in detail by dishonest shifts. Sometimes they succeed, but the evasive practices grow more difficult from year to year, and as the reformed system becomes more and more firmly settled in the habitual ways of thinking of the people, the struggle against it will gradually cease. And in the same measure as the important places in the municipal government lose with their patronage also their importance in the eyes of the political partisan, it will become more and more natural to make appointments to such places simply with a view to the duties to be performed. As soon as it is generally understood and admitted, for instance, that the Department of Public Works has absolutely ceased to be a patronage department, the Mayor, when he has to select a man for the commissionership, will naturally look not for a politician, but for a good professional engineer, and there will be very little political pressure to divert him from that purpose. The same rule will apply to the other municipal employments. The more carefully municipal reformers consider the problem they have to deal with, the more surely they will find that the question of non-partisan municipal government and the question of civil service reform are substantially one and the same.

A REPRESENTATIVE REPUBLICAN GATHERING.

A POLITICAL event that has attracted a good deal of attention is a dinner recently given by Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW to a representative Republican gathering. Probably Mr. DEPEW had nothing sinister in mind, but if he sincerely believes that his guests represent his party to-day, and that the party therefore really means something, really stands for a principle, and if in control of the government would accomplish something for the public welfare, he is as blind a partisan as almost any other prominent man of his time. Even THOMAS C. PLATT could not have failed to see in the incongruity of the assemblage that Mr. DEPEW gathered around his board an object-lesson of the true character of party politics, of the lack of principle among men who can consent to act together to secure offices notwithstanding their hostility concerning the principal public questions of the time.

Mr. DEPEW had all the Republican Presidential probabilities at his dinner with the exception of ex-Speaker REED. Whether Mr. REED does not want harmony, or whether Mr. DEPEW did not think it wise to bring together the two claimants for the honors of McKinleyism, we cannot say. But Mr. HARRISON, Mr. MCKINLEY, and Governor MORTON were present. Mr. MCKINLEY now says that he is opposed to the free and independent coinage of silver by this country at the ratio of 16 to 1. The Ohio Republican State platform, however, fails to meet the issue that is now fairly before the country, and talks about the continued use of silver and international bimetallism after a fashion that will neither displease nor deceive the silver men. What the free-coinage advocates want is a President who will not veto a bill making the United States a silver monometallic country. They know that international bimetallism is not in sight; that the declaration of German bimetallists like Count VON MIRBACH, that the decision "depends first of all upon England's attaching herself to a bimetallistic union," settles that matter for the present and the near future. They know that the politicians who are pretending to favor international bimetallism are conscious that this object cannot be attained through the national politics of this country, and that such politicians are hypocritical pretenders, some of them waiting to see how the country goes on the question, while some of them are undoubtedly "gold-bugs," whose real principles shine through their bimetallic disguise. It may be safely said that both MCKINLEY and HARRISON are of the waiting kind. They favor the use of silver as money. They are opposed to "discriminations against the white metal." They are quite ready to believe that the free coinage of silver by the commercial nations of the world would steady and increase prices. They favor an international agreement that would bring about this object. They do not want the United States to try again alone to "rehabilitate silver," for they have both suffered through the effort made in that direction in the SHERMAN act of 1890. They would be glad if the silver men of this country would wait for an invitation to an international conference, coming from Germany or some other European power, and for the conversion of England. But the silver men will not wait, and if they carry the country in 1896 either on frank and outspoken free-coinage platforms, or on bimetallic platforms such as the one adopted in Ohio, they will proceed at once to pass a free-coinage law. Mr. MCKINLEY was brought forward as Ohio's "favorite son" at the convention which adopted this platform, and if either he or Mr. HARRISON is President when a Republican majority in Congress passes a free-coinage bill, there is nothing in the past career of either of them that induces us to believe that the bill will be vetoed. On the contrary, there is every reason to make honest-money men refuse to give either of them the opportunity to sign such a bill.

These were two of the leading Republican guests. Other convives were Governor MORTON, ex-Senators WARNER MILLER and HISCOCK, Mr. FISH, and the host himself. They are all gold monometallists on the issue now before the country, which is between gold and silver monometallism. One of them only is spoken of as a possible Republican candidate for President. It has been declared within a fortnight by high Republican authority that the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention will be unanimously in favor of the nomination of Governor MORTON. There is no doubt as to what he would do if a free-coinage bill came to him from a free-coinage Congress, whether its majority were Republican or Democratic. He would veto it as quickly and as gladly as Mr. CLEVELAND would. And the other distinguished New York politicians whom we have just named would applaud him.

Besides these hostile elements on the main issue before the country—an issue that affects most deeply its material interests—there were Mayor STRONG and some other anti-PLATT Republicans who have professed to believe in non-partisanship in municipal government, and THOMAS C. PLATT, with his obedient man-of-all-work, EDWARD LAUTERBACH, who represents the Republican wing of the corrupt Tammany combination that was supposed to have been defeated by the election of Mr. STRONG to the Mayoralty.

So the leaders of the Republican party that was represented at Mr. DEPEW'S table, and there is no one who will deny that it was truly represented, are men who would be glad to escape the silver question through another international debating club, but who would probably approve a free-coinage bill if it were passed by a Congress having a nominal Republican majority, while there are others who would not agree to such a bill under any circumstances. Harmony between these two hostile elements would mean the surrender of one to the other—not the conversion of one or the other, but the surrender of principle or belief for the mere purpose of gaining office. Then, too, there were Tammany and anti-Tammany Republicans at this mixed festivity, and harmony between these two elements could only be accomplished through the complete surrender to PLATT of those who last November started out with good intentions.

The Republican party is precisely what it appeared to be at Mr. DEPEW'S table. It cannot win

the victory in the campaign of 1896 on its own merits. There are leaders and members of the organization who have merits, it is true, and one of them may win the victory if he be nominated. But his triumph will be his own, only incidentally his party's. He will be elected on account of his personal character, and because the Democratic candidate is not so good a man or a man possessed of such sound principles. And what will take place in the contest for the Presidency is likely to take place in every intelligent Congressional district. The sane and patriotic Republican who thinks that his party now means anything, and that it is an organization that can be trusted with the charge of the public welfare, has only to read over the list of guests at Mr. DEPEW's dinner to learn quite otherwise.

THE STATE'S TASK.

BEFORE sailing to Europe for his summer vacation Dr. PARKHURST made a speech which contained some advice that ought to be heeded by the people of this State.

The people of New York city last fall did their best for the cause of good municipal government. They may have been deceived, but that is their misfortune, not their fault. They rose up against the iniquities which were disclosed by the investigation of the LEXOW committee. They overthrew Tammany. They drove CROKER's men out of power, and CROKER himself, for the time, at least, oversea. Of all the leading Tammany office-holders FITCH and FELLOWS alone remain, and the city ought to be rid of them when their time comes to present themselves again for the suffrage of the voters.

What remains to be done in the work of reform is the task of the people of the State. While the voters of the city were overthrowing Tammany, and the voters of the State were overwhelming HILL and the MURPHY machine, old-fashioned Assemblymen were crawling back to Albany to co-operate with the old-fashioned Senators who held over. The result was that the task that was left to the Legislature was not performed. The rascals at Albany did their best to arrange the laws in such a manner that if the "boys" ever do return to power in the city the good citizens will not again be able to drive them out without meeting even greater difficulties than they encountered last fall.

At the coming elections it will be for the people of the country to show that they can be as virtuous as the people of the city have been. Dr. PARKHURST urges them to "set back-fires" in certain counties. No better advice can be followed. Certainly LEXOW, ROBERTSON, COGGESHALL, O'CONNOR, REYNOLDS, and the Tammany Senators of New York city ought not to be members of the new Senate. Indeed, it would be difficult to point out a Senator who ought to be re-elected. In the new Assembly, with a few honorable exceptions, every old member from FISH down should be defeated.

The thorough renovation of the Legislature is what the people of the State owe to the city as well as to the general cause of good government. If the rural districts cannot accomplish the overthrow of the men who prevented the consummation of municipal reform in this city, the rural voters are not as virtuous as the city's voters. The voters of the State are on trial, and it is to be hoped that they will come out of the ordeal as well as the city came out of its ordeal last fall. Bad Assemblymen were elected because the people were too intent on the municipal and gubernatorial elections to guard against the nomination of bad men for the Legislature. This year they need think of nothing else but legislators, and they have the power to defeat the gang that disgraced them at Albany quite as effectually as they thrashed HILL and CROKER and PLATT. If the reformers organize throughout the State they can teach LEXOW, COGGESHALL, FISH, and the others a lesson that they will not soon forget. The party that will nominate good men for the Senate and Assembly will defeat the party that nominates bad men. And this being so, the Democrats have as good a chance as the Republicans to elect a majority of the new Legislature, and it will be wise for both parties to remember that the new Senate will vote for the next United States Senator.

THE WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

WRITING of this country more than a century ago, TALLEYRAND said that it was "impossible to move a step without feeling convinced that the irresistible progressive march of nature requires an immense population to cultivate some day this large extent of ground lying idle now, indeed, but which only wants the hand of man to produce everything in abundance." The fugitive from the French republic saw clearly that the new American republic was to be one of the great and fruitful countries of the world. Probably he foresaw that it was to be the richest country in the world. He evidently feared to give utterance to all that his imagination pictured, for he added, "I leave to others the satisfaction of foretelling the prospects of those countries."

Clear as TALLEYRAND's vision was, and whatever his imagination may have pictured, he could not have begun to realize the truth as it is now presented by the British statistician MULHALL in the current number of the *North American Review*. Mr. MULHALL begins by saying that "if we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times as regards the physical, mechanical, and intellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States in this present year of 1895." It is flattering to our pride that this foreign economist should tell us the news of our successful struggle. The demands of nature in what TALLEYRAND calls her "irresistible progressive march" have been more than met. The great population is here; but more than that, the genius of the race that inhabits the country has vastly multiplied the productive powers of the individual. Since 1840 the working power of the individual in this country has been almost doubled through useful inventions. The working power measured in foot-tons is 1940 tons daily, while the working power of an individual in Great Britain is 1470 tons. The working power of a single person in this country is twice that of a German or of a Frenchman, more than three times that of an Austrian, and five times that of an Italian.

In 1890 we produced 350 bushels of grain and 1230 pounds of meat per hand employed, while each hand employed in similar tasks in the United Kingdom produced only 119 bushels of grain and 1090 pounds of meat. In France this production amounted to only 98 bushels of grain and 350 pounds of meat; while in Germany, Austria, and Italy it was still less. As Mr. MULHALL puts it, "An ordinary farm hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany, or six in Austria, which shows what an enormous waste of labor occurs in Europe because farmers are not possessed of the same mechanical appliances as in the United States."

Speaking of our educational statistics in the census of 1890, Mr. MULHALL says, "It may be fearlessly asserted that in the history of the human race no nation ever before possessed 41,000,000 instructed citizens." The annual school expenditure in this country is $2 40 per inhabitant. Great Britain comes next, with an expenditure a little more than half as much. France spends only 80 cents; Germany, 50 cents; Austria, 30 cents; and Italy, 25 cents.

This country is also the richest in the world. Its wealth exceeds that of Great Britain by thirty-five per cent. The gains and wages of both rural and urban working people have also increased. From 1861 to 1870 the yearly accumulations of an urban worker amounted to $48 30, and of a rural worker to $17 90. In the period from 1881 to 1890 these annual accumulations amounted to $73 30 and $47 30 respectively. In 1860 the average yearly wage of an American operative amounted to $289. In 1890 it amounted to $485.

An interesting fact is that agricultural wealth has greatly increased in this country. "In fact," says Mr. MULHALL, "if the United States had no urban population or industries whatever, the advance of agricultural interests would be enough to claim the admiration of mankind, for it has no parallel in history."

The statistics which Mr. MULHALL has taken from our own census confound the prophets of evil, the socialists, the communists, the currency tinkers, and those who believe that the American man is so incompetent and America is so poor a country that competition with the rest of the world on even terms is impossible. Our enormous wealth has saved us from what otherwise would have been the disastrous consequences of our trifling with the laws of nature; but the result of wasting money in the purchase of silver bullion shows us that there is a limit beyond which even the rich republic cannot safely go in the effort to repeal the universal laws that govern trade and money by experimental human statutes.

THE YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE.

WITH the 1st of June the yachting season opens, and the event is of more importance in America than elsewhere, because the American yachtsman gets more pleasure out of his sport than other yachtsmen do. He is the lord proprietor, or lord high admiral, we may say, of the only ideal yachting-water in the world. The glories of Long Island Sound form so familiar an experience that they are accepted as a matter of course. Yet they are such as are to be found nowhere else on the earth.

It is not by accident that the contests for the *America's* cup have been carried on between two different types of yachts; it is not blindness nor patriotism nor prejudice which pits the English cutter against the American centre-board; it is not a mere fancy that rough weather favors the Briton, while a light wind favors the Yankee. There is a reason broad and deep running between these contrasting opposites. It is a good reason, for it was fixed by the laws of nature. It is an old reason, for it dates back to the time when England cut herself off from the continent, and when the receding New England glacier left behind it a reminder in the temperature of the New England girl, and an actuality in the safe and shallow basin of the Sound. The Englishman's yacht is different from the American's because the English yachting waters are different from ours.

Yachting in England means work and danger, because the sea around England is one of the worst in the world to sail in. Ulysses's luck pursues the English yacht as soon as it rounds the light-house point. It should be the Englishman's nature to be rough and surly and insular and repellent, for the barrier which shuts him off from the world is hard to cross. There is not a day's sailing in sheltered water between the Lizard Light and John o' Groat's. Even with the many harbors the shore is too near when you are near it; when you are not too near it, there is always the chance of your never getting near it again. It was fortunate for Ulysses that he tried yachting only in the Mediterranean. Ithaca and Penelope might have waited for him in vain if he had gone to England. Compare these trials and dangers with the sunlit, bright-skied expanse of the Sound, with Cape Cod beyond, and so on coastwise to Marblehead and Bar Harbor! Straight-away from Larchmont to Point Judith stretches a clear course of one hundred and twenty-five miles; with its bays and inlets it gives enough of travel to furnish variety without danger, enough water to test one's seamanship, and all the conditions needed to make the sport ideal. No sullen skies, no untimely fogs, no choppy seas, no cross-currents, no shoals, no rocks, no enforced putting out to sea, no struggle for life.

Instead of these the American yachtsman has the perfection of a summer climate. Here, between a sky that is azure and a sea that is split emerald, with shores that shelter on either hand, the American yachtsman alone of all men may know what it is to be serenely happy.

COMMENCEMENT.

IT is the new graduate's month. Last week, this week, next week, he is passing his final examinations, dancing with his adored, speaking his piece when he has one to speak, rejoicing in his degree when he gets one, getting all his childish things together and having a final romp with them, preparatory, as he supposes, to putting them off for all time. Let us hope he won't put them all off for years to come yet. It used to be the fashion to scoff at the new graduate as a deluded young person who thought he knew much and felt that he had an important mission to instruct and lead his fellows. The contemporary idea is that he knows more about some things than he used to; that he is more sophisticated, more worldly-wise, more distrustful of his own acquirements, more sceptical of his superiority, and has less to unlearn than his predecessors of quarter of a century ago. It used to be thought a worthy task to admonish the new graduate and charge him to be modest and not think himself too good for the world's work. Nowadays the disposition is to encourage him and tell him that he knows more than he suspects, and is better equipped for the struggle for existence than the lad who has not had his advantages and has no sheepskin certificate to show for them.

It is pleasant to offer him this sort of reassurance, and it can be done frankly and without any sacrifice of sincerity. It is perfectly true that if he has improved his time he has gained substantial benefits, out of which he will be pretty sure to get substantial advantages as he goes on in the world, and he is safe in feeling that he is at least as good as other young men, and as well entitled as less lettered youths to such a share of the world's prizes as he can contrive to win.

One encouraging thought that it is proper to offer to the new graduate's consideration is of the power of time to bring the right chance to the right man. Time works all kinds of miracles. All things come to him who can wait, and who can qualify himself while waiting to grasp the good thing when it comes to his hand. The great necessity is to be qualified. For men who can, for men who know how, and knowing how have character that makes their work valuable, the work that they are fit to do can hardly fail to be forthcoming. In ten years from now the graduate of this month will have a tolerably clear notion of what he is good for. In twenty years he will begin to know what his services in the world are worth, and the more they are worth the less trouble he will have in collecting the guerdon.

Good luck to the new graduate! The great world is an interesting place. There are plenty of oysters always growing in its beds, and very many—some of the very sweetest and fattest—are lying there waiting for him to fish them up and open them.

MORTARS AND MEN.

DURING the recent trial of the new Sandy Hook coast defences it was found desirable that the striking-points of the big mortar projectiles should be accurately determined. At the long range of 6000 yards, or three and a half miles, the 800-pound mass of cast steel buried itself ten feet deep in the sand, and it is the duty of the observer at the target to mark the position by a stake in order that the shot may be afterwards dug up and examined. Two sergeants of artillery had been detailed on this delicate service, and when the party of officials and guests arrived at the target grounds the observers met them smiling and enthusiastic and with their hazardous work successfully performed. A newspaper reporter asked one of the men how he enjoyed the task of retrieving cannon-balls.

"It was beautiful, sir; beautiful," said the smiling sergeant. "I stood there" (pointing at a spot twenty-five yards from one stake), "and I could see 'em coming. They turned straight and came down point down. They threw the sand up like water and scattered it in every direction. It was beautiful, sir."

"Were you not afraid?" demanded one man.

"What would I be afraid of, sir?" asked the sergeant.

Was there ever a finer example of true pride in one's profession? The familiarity that breeds contempt could never have spoken thus of a peril compared to which tiger-beating in an Indian jungle is but a dull and soporific pastime. It is indeed an admirable quality of moral courage that is here presented, the educated *sang-froid* of the man who neither underestimates a danger nor runs away from it, the pure impulse to duty that looks for no reward and seeks for no end outside of itself.

It is still the men who are behind the guns.

HOW THE GERMAN EMPEROR TOOK TO THE WATER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

WILLIAM II. is the first King of Prussia, and of course the first German Emperor, who ever led his people out on to the salt water. This is remarkable, seeing that the Hohenzollerns have been kings in Prussia for two centuries, and have ruled over a country with a thousand miles of coast-line and a seafaring population second to none in courage and intelligence. Moreover, the Prussian kings have built their palaces in the midst of a country full of broad waters suitable for yachting. And yet this Emperor is the first Hohenzollern to appreciate the fact that the man who wields the helm may have value equal to him who swings a sabre.

In the beginning of this century Napoleon forced Prussia to adopt his policy. The ruler in Berlin was the great-grandfather of the present Emperor, the father of the venerable William I. The merchants of his seaport towns had begged him to give protection to Germans on the high seas, so that they might compete more successfully in trade with the ships of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and the young republic beyond the Atlantic. But Frederick William III. considered the merchants' proposition heretical and revolutionary. He commanded an army of 250,000 men, and believed himself invincible. His answer to the merchants was: "My glorious uncle, Frederick the Great, did not need a navy. It would be presumptuous in me to seek to improve on him."

And the result was that in the year 1806 Prussia was pounced upon by privateers, and within a few days lost more than one thousand merchant craft of varying sizes. She had not a single gun afloat to resist this spoliation, and, worse still, she had not a single newspaper ashore that dared stir up public opinion against this deep disgrace.

In the subsequent years Prussia was shielded from the consequences of her naval policy by having the assistance of England, who held command of the seas, and prevented the French from operating in the Baltic. When Prussia rose against Napoleon in 1813 this fleet kept her supplied with arms and munitions of war, and gave her complete security along the whole of her Baltic coasts.

The German who seeks comfort in the naval history of his country must skip the last two centuries, and go back to the day when Hohenzollerns had not achieved the royal crown, when Brandenburg was a struggling state ruled by a man of clear Protestant convictions and a soldierly courage—the so-called Great Elector. This man made his name glorious in the last half of the seventeenth century—a worthy ally of William III. of England. He bought ships from his neighbors, and sent the flag of Brandenburg to remote colonies on the shores of Africa and in the West Indies. In St. Thomas his flag was flown, and he is not forgotten there yet, though to-day it is the Danish ensign that floats upon the tiny pink forts of those waters. But the Great Elector had no successor worthy of success. His colonies pined away and finally died under the rule of Hohenzollerns who thought more of the Potsdam drill-ground than of all the oceans.

Between the days of the Great Elector and those of William II. lie two centuries of maritime inactivity, which Germans must now wonder at, seeing that to-day as a naval power they rank amongst the great peoples of the world; that their flag is now seen in foreign ports much more frequently than is our own. Yet Prussia had no navy at all in the days when Paul Jones spread alarm in the very mouths of English rivers, when American merchantmen flew the stars and stripes proudly in the seas of China and amongst the islands of the Mediterranean. Americans in those days followed the sea as freely and as fiercely as ever did the Dutch, the Danes, and the rest of the Norse fraternity, and so would the men of Prussia have done had their rulers been in sympathy with the people of the coasts.

Times go topsy-turvy after a few years, and now the traveller in far-away seas misses the stars and stripes, and finds instead the sign of the German Kaiser competing with England's for commercial supremacy. The American now travels without his flag—dependent for protection upon those of foreign powers. The American who reads this and knows something of the world will recall the feelings of degradation that came upon him when he had to seek advice or help from his American consul, and found that his complaint had to be lodged with a German or Polish Jew, some third-class political "bummer," some man with battered reputation, a discredited lawyer who could not make an honest living. I can recall journeys of this kind in the far East when nearly every representative of our great country was a byword of reproach amongst our merchants, a stumbling-block in the way of our commerce. Frederic Remington, who is the most truthful man I ever knew, will witness a part at least of what I say.

During our great civil war Germany laid the foundations of her present navy. She had a war with Denmark in 1864, and did then just enough fighting afloat to convince her that bluejackets were sometimes better than Uhlans or cuirassiers. The German navy of 1864 was a small and tentative affair, much like that which we had to improvise in the days of 1776. But it accomplished great things. It added Sleswick-Holstein to Germany, it made Kiel the new naval arsenal, and, above all, it appealed for support to a new Germany which flew a new flag, that of the North German Confederation. This new Germany grew into the present empire, and the navy holds its popularity not because it is Prussian, but because it belongs essentially to all Germany—to the empire.

One of the first of the present Emperor's grand manœuvres was held near Kiel, in the waters where the hardest fighting of the year 1864 had taken place. An army corps of 30,000 men operated on land, and a fleet of men-of-war co-operated from the Baltic. There were men present who had stormed the heights of Düppel a quarter of a century ago, and these men rubbed their eyes when they saw what the German navy was doing under William II. There were naval officers present, by invitation of the Emperor, among them the late English Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Geoffrey Hornby. The United States had also an accomplished representative, for Annapolis knows how to make such men. Before an assemblage of naval experts I saw the German bluejackets perform work that could not have been surpassed in any navy of the world. Their fleet landed about 5000 men at a given moment. This is an operation always difficult, and rarely done without unexpected hitches. But the German bluejackets poured from the war-ships with a smoothness and rapidity most astonishing, covered the space to the beach with startling rapidity, and started skirmishing up the steep hill-sides with the energy and exactness of well-trained riflemen.

WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY IN THE UNIFORM OF AN ADMIRAL.

Yet I can recall a cartoon in *Punch*, which appeared while Prussia was engaged here in the Danish war of 1864. Two English bluejackets were pointing contemptuously to the figure of a German sailor—as he was then caricatured, and as we know him in the pages of *Puck*. One bluejacket says to the other, "We can't fight such a lubber as that; let's kick him!" At this distance of time I may misquote, but the words indicated the contempt of the average Englishman for what he looked upon as the German of that time. It was much the feeling that Chinamen had for Japanese up to within a few months.

These great German naval manœuvres of five years ago, near the mouth of the new Baltic Canal, first opened the eyes of the world to the new spirit that was abroad in Germany, and that is as yet not fully appreciated. I have been over many German ironclads, not merely at Kiel, but in out-of-the-way stations, and if any one doubts the reality of German progress I recommend him to follow my example in this respect. The drill on board a German man-of-war bears favorable comparison with that in any other navy.

But it is not in drill alone that the German bluejacket is good. He is, as a rule, of superior make-up to the bluejacket going into the English or American service. I can illustrate this by the statement of a merchant of St. Vincent, in the British West Indies, whom I engaged in conversation while some German bluejackets were embarking at a neighboring pier.

"It's this way," he said. "I'm an Englishman, but give me ten Germans ashore rather than one Britisher. The Germans come ashore, walk about, drink beer, and behave themselves. My people get howling drunk, punch everybody's head, smash what they can, and nobody dares go about the streets until they are afloat again."

So much for the Englishman's view of himself. As an American I can add that we are chips of the old block in this one respect at least.

The present German Emperor first took to the water at Potsdam, which is the most beautiful place of its kind in Germany. It is something like Versailles dropped down amid the lakes of the Adirondack Mountains. On one of these lakes, through which winds the sluggish Havel, floats an old-fashioned, full-rigged, three-masted frigate, looking in the distance like such a ship as Decatur or Paul Jones might have commanded. But as we paddle nearer to this anachronistic craft we wonder and wonder more and more, for there is nothing near by which we might be guided as to its size or purpose. On coming alongside we find that the frigate is but a trifle longer than our canoe, and that the masts and spars are all in harmony with the hull. This miniature man-of-war was sent as a present from the Court of St. James to that of Potsdam early in this century, and was regarded as a toy. But as a child William II. took much delight in sailing this craft in the waters about Potsdam, and the taste here awakened was strengthened by visits to England, where he first understood what yachting really meant.

His brother Henry was destined for the navy, while he as the heir was meant for a soldier. But though Prince Henry lives on salt water, while his imperial brother rules on the Spree, still it is hard to say which taste in the Emperor is the stronger—for land or for sea. In the grounds of the Potsdam palace where these two brothers were brought up as children stood the masts of a full-rigged ship, planted in the sand. Beneath the yards was stretched a vast net like that which protects the lady whom we admire on the tight-rope. The two princes were drilled in this maritime gymnasium, so that at the age of twelve the present Emperor knew the ropes of a full-rigged ship as glibly as he could repeat the names of great Indian chiefs portrayed by Fenimore Cooper.

And William II. never lost the taste for sailor life which he imbibed as a child in the park of Sans Souci and on the lakes of the Havel. So soon as he became Emperor he built himself a good sea-going steam-yacht, took command himself of manœuvring fleets, offered prizes to be competed for by yachts from one end of Germany to the other, crossed over to Southampton and measured himself with the crack yachtsmen of England. He has found pleasure each summer amongst the simple and rugged Norwegians, who are not merely the best seamen of Europe, but are as honest and independent in character as the fishermen along our New England coasts. Life amongst such people is wholesome for a Hohenzollern. There are not so many flatterers at sea as there are about the palaces of Berlin and Potsdam.

In the days of the war against France I was living at Potsdam, in charge of a German tutor. There was no such thing as a proper row-boat in that country then. When I wished to go upon the water I had to hire such a tub as no North River sloop would accept for a dingy. The boats of that day were mostly flat-bottomed and square at both ends, with less form than an Erie canal-boat. There was no rowing in the universities or the grammar-schools; the officers of the army looked upon the sport as beneath the dignity of a gentleman. In Hamburg and Bremen, Stettin and Königsberg, there were some sailing and rowing done by people who came in contact with England and the outside world, but it was so exceptional as to be hardly worth noting.

To-day Berlin has so many sailing and rowing clubs that their mere enumeration would be tedious. Each city of Germany has out-door clubs, notably those for cycling, rowing, and sailing. A revolution has taken place in the physical life of the father-land which can only be compared to that which has affected the physical condition of women since tennis and cycling have become fashionable. The German lad of my childhood was a thin-blooded boy wearing spectacles. Chasing butterflies was his highest expression of manly sport. To-day he is a well-set-up, bright-eyed athlete, revelling in flannels and sweaters, his mouth full of nautical terms. Down the Danube, the Elbe, and other German streams the stranger who sails his canoe need never be at a loss for a friendly hand. He will find boating clubs more frequently than he would on the Connecticut or the Hudson, and plenty of enthusiastic fellow-craftsmen ready to show him hospitality.

At the head of this new Germany, which hardens its muscles afloat, is the Emperor, the keenest sportsman of them all. In the navy he recognizes the fighting force of to-day, but the thousands of young men who swell the lists of the rowing and sailing clubs to him represent the reserve navy that may be needed to-morrow.

The opening of a great ship-canal between the Baltic and the Atlantic gives new importance to the manner in

THE GRAND SALOON OF THE NEW AMERICAN LINER "ST. LOUIS."—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 556.]

which William II. takes to the water. Commercially it is a remarkable work—completed not only within the time specified, but at a cost not materially different from that originally intended. It places Kiel in the position once occupied by Copenhagen; the commerce of Russia, Sweden, and eastern Prussia will now find its fairest avenue across German territory; and the journey around the Kattegat will be as obsolete as that around Cape of Good Hope. Politically this canal means quite as much. Germany from this day on can do with one fleet what she formerly required two to perform. In the event of war she can operate with the same fleet either in the Baltic or in the Atlantic, without giving notice of her intentions.

But that is too big a subject at present.

THE NEW AMERICAN LINER "ST. LOUIS."

THE appearance of the new American steamship *St. Louis*, shipping men believe, will excite as much interest in England as our crack cruisers, which have called at Southampton on their way to the Kiel Canal celebration. For more than a year the Navy Department has received unofficial intimations that the English authorities would be more than pleased if the cruiser *New York* and either the cruiser *Columbia* or *Minneapolis* should be sent into English waters, so that the naval and merchant-marine ship-builders there might have an opportunity to inspect these specimens of American handicraft. The English authorities have admitted repeatedly that we have surpassed them in the quality of our war-ships. The arrival of the *St. Louis* will afford them an opportunity of inspecting what we can do in this country in building merchant vessels of the highest grade.

The *St. Louis* is the first American vessel for the transatlantic trade that has been constructed in more than twenty years. She is the third largest passenger-ship in the world. She has not been built for high speed to the exclusion of comfort. Her owners, the International Navigation Company, and her builders, the well-known Cramp Company, of Philadelphia, assert that speed has been a matter subordinate to safety and comfort, and that if she develops extraordinary speed it will be due entirely to the normal advance in ship-building, and to the admitted superiority of American skill in the details of workmanship.

The dimensions and other statistics of the vessel are: length, 554 feet; length between perpendiculars, 535 feet; extreme breadth, 63 feet; moulded depth, 42 feet; number of decks, 5; number of water-tight compartments formed by transverse bulkheads and flats, 17; distance of collision bulkhead abaft of stem, 33 feet; displacement at 26 feet draught, 16,000 tons. The boilers will carry 200 pounds steam pressure, an advance of nearly forty pounds in three years.

The ship has been constructed on the idea of true economy and simplicity. The first-class saloon has seats for the entire number of passengers of that grade, and is situated amidships between the two funnels, with a large glass dome above it. With the exception of the *Paris* and *New York*, of the same line, it is on a deck higher than on any transatlantic vessel. There are no sleeping-apartments on this deck. The pantries are also completely cut off from the sight of the passengers. The smoking-rooms are all on the promenade-deck, as are the ladies' saloons. The deck promenade is unusually wide, and clear from all obstructions. There are many little conveniences on this ship that have not been seen before on passenger or other ships, and that fact, with the domestic economy in the arrangement of the interior of the vessel, and the superior workmanship on the hull and in the engine-rooms, makes the owners and contractors willing that their work should stand before the world as an example of American skill and American enterprise.

The *St. Louis* and her sister ship *St. Paul*, which will be in commission probably in September next, are practically of the same size as the *New York* and *Paris*, being only about ten feet longer, and of the same breadth and depth.

When the *St. Louis* was thrown open for inspection at her dock in New York, the visitors to the first American greyhound found a system of interior decoration greatly superior in artistic completeness to anything that has preceded her. The big steamer has, in fact, been made the subject of definite artistic treatment, as much as if she were a yacht, and for this much-needed innovation the International Navigation Company, while it does not claim, is entitled to credit. The large sums which are spent on the interior decorations of the modern steamship are not always spent wisely. There is great and ever-increasing luxury of equipment, but the taste displayed is commonly that of the abstract upholsterer, and whatever effect is produced is attained simply by the lavish use of expensive material. It was to avoid this pitfall that the company determined to put the general scheme of decoration, after the marine architect had drawn the deck plan, into the hands of a land architect—to mark a contrast existing not in the nature but in the accidents of the case. The firm selected was the well-known Philadelphia firm of Furness, Graus, & Co.

The problem before Mr. Furness was a novel one, and it will be agreed that he has solved it happily. In order to secure an individual and original scheme, he determined, keeping in mind that a sea-voyage is practically a holiday for all passengers, to give his coloring all the light, the openness, and the brilliance possible. This was also in accord with the desire of the company to do away, as far as possible, with the darkness of interior inherent in steamer construction. In order to treat the large surface at command with distinct and satisfactory handling, Mr. Furness made a free use of ground and leaded glass, and especially of panelling. For this he called into co-operation Mr. Karl Bitter, the sculptor of the Astor gates.

Altogether nearly 2400 decorative panels have been used in the *St. Louis*. Of these the chief are the panels for the large quadrant, and the figure panels for the great dome and for the state-rooms *en suite*. The latter are marvels of delicate tinting. Many experiments were made before a satisfactory system of reproducing the panels was secured, and the final result was an application and combination of old principles which practically amount to an entirely novel process. By this is obtained a highly decorative panel, light, smooth, and preserving the characteristics of the original model with perfect fidelity. In these panels and in the plaster figures for the dining-saloon Mr. Bitter has done characteristic work.

The general effect of Mr. Furness's decorative scheme, which is graduated and harmonized through the various saloons, is novel and striking. Brilliance has been secured by the employment of light and definite coloring and general openness and lightness of form; gold-leaf and effects usually associated with "floating palaces" have been disregarded. In this respect the *St. Louis* strikes a new key and develops a new style, and it is hardly too much to prophesy that an entire departure in marine decoration is likely to follow the International Navigation Company's lead.

LIFE AND LETTERS

CERTAINLY whatever else one may say of the Memoirs of Barras, one must say that they are very amusing; and it seems as if fate had indulged every caprice that could add piquancy to confessions which were not wanting in it before. It was not enough that their publication should be delayed from period to period, for so many decades after they were written, and that they should have survived all the efforts and accidents conspiring to suppress them, which their editor so graphically recounts, but it remained for a supremely ironical chance to deliver into the hands of a fervent Bonapartist records which embody the most ruthless attack ever made upon the character of Bonaparte. In view of this satirical catastrophe, M. George Duruy becomes a not wholly voluntary contributor to the comic interest which they must have for the reader; and with me, at least, he does not leave the impression of a perfect sincerity in the protests and the disclaimers which he makes in giving to the world these memoirs, always cruel and shameless, but most cruel and shameless toward the man whose fame is dearest to M. George Duruy. His position is that having carefully labelled the vessel poison, and warned the reader against its fatal contents, he has sufficiently defended him against the consequences of taking the poison into his system. I do not deny that the responsibility of M. Duruy towards the terrible memoirs was difficult. Of course he could not destroy them; perhaps he could no longer delay them; but I do not see how he was bound to make himself the means of their reaching the light. He appears to think it a species of providence that the bane should pass through the hands that can best supply the antidote, and he exults a little in the fact; but if he really believes that the antidote he supplies is as powerful as the bane, M. Duruy has made himself the victim of a mental sleight not new to the student of psychology; and I find him much more delightful in another pose. It is where he laments the loss that the memoirs have suffered in their translation from the rough, headlong, unliterary, but most vivid and picturesque autograph of Barras into the rhetoricalities of the mistaken friend whom he gave them to prepare for the press, that a rhetorician of M. Duruy's quality is altogether charming, and that one may enjoy him without self-reproach.

I.

Outside of his memoirs it can be easily learned that Jean-Paul-François-Nicolas de Barras was born noble at Fox in Provence, in 1755. He grew up into the army and served in India against the English; led a gay and wasteful life in Paris before the Revolution; took an early part in the popular uprising; was member of the States-General; helped storm the Tuileries, voted for the King's death and the Girondists'; was citizen-representative in control at the recapture of Toulon, where he first met Bonaparte; was active in the Terror, but joined in overthrowing Robespierre, and saved many of his victims from the guillotine; crushed the royalist and Jacobin revolt on the 13th Vendémiaire, with the aid of Bonaparte, whom he got appointed to the command of the army of Italy and married to Josephine; became Dictator on the 18th Fructidor, and began to live in regal state; perhaps secretly negotiated, in the decline of the Directory, for the return of the Bourbons, and was exiled from Paris by Bonaparte after the 18th Brumaire, but returned after the Restoration, and died on his estates near Paris in 1829.

M. Duruy tells how his memoirs, which were long supposed to have been seized by the government, escaped the perquisition made after his death. No one who reads them, I fancy, will give them an implicit belief, and yet I do not see how one can altogether refuse them consideration, even where they are most brutal and scandalous. The author is a man of that kind of intelligence which is incapable not only of the last refinement, but of the next to the last. It became his business to assist at the greatest upheaval the world has ever known, yet you feel that at the bottom of his heart he was a formalist, who would willingly have shaped his life by the traditions of class and the usages of order. He was one of those people who prefer to take the world as they find it, and he instinctively conformed to the chaos of his time, with the effect, which seems to be merely an effect, of contributing to it. He constantly affirms his devotion to the principles of the Revolution, and he constantly showed his faith by his works, and yet he appears to me to have been throughout what he was born: a provincial aristocrat, narrow, hard, self-satisfied, but willing to do a good deed or a great one if he can without disadvantage to himself. He was, as this sort of man always is, thoroughly vulgar and spiritually squalid, but habitually rather than purposely mendacious.

He differed from Napoleon in the last, for Napoleon was purposely rather than habitually mendacious, and he even differed from him in the measure of his vulgarity and his spiritual squalor. Napoleon was incomparably the greater man; and he would have become somehow what he became without Barras, though Barras fondly believes that he could not, and can never forgive himself for having made him. His memoirs are filled with a hate of Napoleon which would like to be scorn, and if there were no other witness of Napoleon's life and character, Barras could be easily dismissed as unworthy attention. But I cannot see how Barras, though he hates Napoleon so much, wrongs him so much, for his Napoleon is what many others have seen Napoleon to be, and is the logic of Napoleon's circumstances and conditions. There was no reason why Napoleon should love the Revolution or love France, and there are many reasons to believe that he used the one and the other solely for his own aggrandizement. He probably saw no farther into the future than any other man of his time, and he believed only in himself, whom he found constantly worthy of this faith on the side of his talent and his ambition. He had a great imagination, and he conceived of the vastness of his opportunities as they presented themselves. That was the hour when such a force as he felt himself to be might do anything; but there was nothing prophetic in his sense of power, and he is always less surprising than his opportunities. The chances were so prodigious that one might almost say that if Napoleon had not been, there would still have been a Napoleon.

Barras is both right and wrong about him. He is right about the self-seeking, unscrupulous, insatiable, unconscionable little Corsican; but he is wrong about the master of the world, for he sees him always in the shabby figure of the young lieutenant whom he gave his first chance at Toulon, and who lost merit throughout his career by his ungrateful behavior to Barras. He was not so wrong, if we may believe other witnesses, about certain intimate facts, which must form the most piquant interest of his memoirs for most readers. It was not unknown or unsaid before that the behavior of the Bonaparte family in Marseilles was scandalous in a time when all the social ties were so loose that a great deal of misbehavior did not count; but it remained for Barras to put it with a brutality that is scarcely less than frightful, and only less indecent than that of the abominable chapter treating of Josephine. Her fame does not, indeed, suffer there for the first time, though it has never suffered so atrociously. It is a question of more or less, rather than of not at all, in regard to her levities, and M. Duruy himself "holds it not honesty to have it set down" in the gross terms of Barras, rather than wholly denies what no one will wholly believe. He is strenuous only to have us think that Napoleon did not marry her for ambition, but for love, and for very passionate love, though it is not easy to see what this has to do with the facts of her conduct.

It will certainly be more difficult hereafter to sentimentalize the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, or even their divorce; probably as much real feeling was involved in the one as in the other, and probably as little. We are, at all events, rid of another bit of that pose which is so largely Napoleon, and, bad as Barras is, he speaks usefully to the world at a moment when it is very well for people to realize that Napoleon was not only a very great man, but a very great humbug. The late revival of emotional interest in his personality has been so much "worse poison to men's souls" than the palpable lies of Barras that, if the measure of truth in these will help to counteract it, M. Duruy will have been doing mankind a service he did not imagine in presenting them with the memoirs he would have us think he feels himself forced to edit.

II.

Next to the passages referring to Napoleon and his marriage, those which concern Robespierre and his fall are of surpassing interest. Of course the perspective in these memoirs is never very good; Barras was in the midst of the things he deals with, and he is not artist enough to give them the right projection; the reader is plunged in the midst of them too, and has to arrange the perspective for himself. But here and there Barras dashes off a face, a figure, a group, with admirable vigor and in complete relief, and it is all the better because he evidently does not know how good it is. The study of Robespierre throughout has this merit; and I do not remember anything finer of its kind than his account of the visit which he and Fréron pay the great Terrorist chief in his rooms at the carpenter's house where he lodged, and where Robespierre listens without a word from first to last while they tell him of their part in the siege of Toulon, and only pauses now and then in dressing himself to look askance at them and spit at their feet. The picture is colored by the hate that does not forget itself at any moment after Robespierre's death, or lose any of its bitterness in the pleasure of having helped to bring him to the guillotine; but perhaps for the very reason that it is so much the work of hate you feel that it is so superficial. Robespierre remains rather more a sphinx after you have known him through Barras than he was before. He would not and could not unriddle himself to such a man, and if he was what Barras saw him, neither more nor less, then the only answer to him is that he was mad.

But the portrait of this madman was and is a superb sketch, and it is one of the Robespierres which history cannot ignore in its collections hereafter. Superficial as it is, you do not feel that it is wilfully false; for once Barras is so fascinated by his subject that he forgets himself; he does not brag, and he does not consciously lie; while in his portrait of Talleyrand, you feel that he is almost as much a braggart and a liar as he is in his portrait of Josephine. Talleyrand seems to have inspired him with an instant detestation by his resemblance to Robespierre, which he insists upon, and which he says he made Madame de Staël acknowledge when she first came with him to beg Barras's favor for him. His Talleyrand is a caricature, as his Josephine is, but it is more comic than cruel, and you need not wholly refuse to enjoy the coarse humor of it. You feel that he understands Talleyrand better than he understood Robespierre, and he had not the same motive for lying in his case that he had in Josephine's. His contempt for him is a real contempt, and not a dissembled hatred as his contempt for Napoleon was; and I should say that if one wished to arrive directly at the truest sense of Barras's character in these memoirs, he would do well to read in swift succession what he says of Napoleon, of Robespierre, of Josephine, and of Talleyrand. His mockery of Madame de Staël is indecent, of course, as all his mockeries of women are, but you do not feel that it is altogether undeserved, and it is very funny.

III.

The Napoleon of Barras is not done with like fulness in any one place after his first sketch of him at Toulon, where he gave the little lieutenant command of a battery,

and made him captain. A multitude of touches are scattered in a hundred different passages of the memoirs, but they are all graphic, and they go to make their final effect in an image of the man which is not such as can be altogether denied. As far as it goes it is true, probably, and its falsehood consists in the motive with which it is done (for an evil will can discolor the truth itself), and in the absence of traits which Barras would not or could not see. Very likely he could not see them; he was immeasurably less than Napoleon: he was of an extreme mental narrowness; and he could not have conceived of the qualities which a man of more imagination would have conceived of as accompanying such greed and selfishness and ruthlessness as Napoleon gave proofs of constantly, though not invariably. It was perhaps Napoleon's own capacity to imagine nobler things of himself that made him different from what Barras shows him; and to realize these, rather too melodramatically, from time to time, was the poetry of a nature which could not readily lend itself to the off hand interpretations of a Barras. Men often grow nobler with better fortunes, but Barras was not the man to perceive any such amelioration of character in a greater man than himself; yet this may have been the secret of Napoleon, which would withhold itself from Barras, even in the rare moments of impartiality which might have come to him.

IV.

If the reader will have the patience to follow the narrative of events in these memoirs after Barras comes to power in the Directorate, he will have a vivid sense of the processes of disintegration in the Republic which rendered the greater Napoleon not only possible but inevitable. Almost as soon as Robespierre fell and the Terror ceased, the reconstitution of a monarchical state began, and after that it was only a question of time until the Empire should be. All factions, all extremes, made common cause against the Republic which had been so impossible, and the Revolution ceased in France while it was still spreading its conquests abroad with all the fire of its first impulse. It is very curious to see its weakness, its decrepitude in the councils of state to which every day brings the news of some victory of the republican arms, while the Republic cannot maintain itself against the enemies of its own household. Sedition makes head in this province and that, and Jacobin and royalist threaten the Revolution in the capital. The old forms and pretences of devotion to the Revolution are kept up, but at last these are relaxed, with all the other ties, moral and social, that bound men together. It is an immensely interesting study which the memoirs afford, often consciously but oftener unconsciously; and one sees more clearly than ever before, I think, that the Revolution ceased simply because it had done the work of destruction it was destined to accomplish, and because it had not proposed to itself any real work of reconstruction.

The historic royalty and the historic nobility perished politically and in great measure personally; but monarchy and aristocracy are latent in all unequal conditions; they are the logic of inequality; and it is only a question of time when the seeds shall begin to sprout, and to flourish up into a vigorous life. In France the Revolution had imagined no means of perpetuating the equality which it had preached, and which it ostensibly practised. Unquestionably, that was the ideal of the Revolution; that was what its citizens slew and its soldiers were slain for; they knew how to kill for it, and how to die for it, but that was all they knew; they did not know how to live for it. As soon as the man came, who at heart was a despot when he most believed himself a patriot, who included all life in the cynical contempt which life had taught him, but who kept a romantic taste for its shows and shams, much like the vulgar taste he had in literature, the Revolution was easily his prey. On the ruins of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity it was so easy for him to build his Empire that the feat does not seem any part of his greatness; or at least it cannot seem that marvel which it seems if we look at it simply as an achievement of mediæval ambition accomplishing itself in modern times.

W. D. Howells.

THE BROOKLYN TERMINAL STATION OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

For more than a year work has been actively going on in making extensive changes in the terminals of the Brooklyn Bridge. Much of the work thus far has been unseen, but the erection and the near completion of the terminal station on the Brooklyn side of the bridge have given travellers some idea of the extent of the undertaking aboveground. The Brooklyn terminal will be only about two-thirds the size of the New York terminal, and the difficulties in building it have been small compared to the problems confronting the engineers on the New York side. In Brooklyn a new station has been erected on the block directly south of the present station. The new station in New York must be erected on the site of the present station, and with no interruption of traffic.

The problem on the Brooklyn side has been to take care of double the number of trains, and also to dispose of double the number of people, now cared for. The present station ends in a curve, which has always been a source of danger and annoyance to passengers and to the management. The new station will be 357 feet long and 90 feet wide, and entirely straight. The entire ground-floor will be used as a waiting-room. Double stairways in the centre of the room will lead to two platforms on the floor above, one the incoming platform and the other the outgoing platform. Two large hexagonal ticket-booths will be placed on the ground-floor, but not adjacent to the stairs, as is the case now. The floor will be asphalt, and glazed brick will be used on the side of the walls for several feet above the floor. There will be twenty-four entrances on the four sides of the building—the Plaza, Sands Street, Washington Street, and High Street.

The train platforms on the second floor will be 250 feet long and 20 feet wide. Tracks will be run on each side of them, the trains arriving at or leaving the platforms on alternate sides. Double stairways from each platform, directly over the stairways from the floor below, will run to an enclosed gallery hanging from the roof over the middle line of tracks. This gallery leads to the ends of the station, where the tracks of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad pass at right angles through the new station, making a large loop. The Kings County Elevated declined to use one end of the new station for a loop terminal, and a long passageway from the centre of the suspended gallery runs to their line on Fulton Street. Consequently the Brooklyn road has the use of both ends, but one of the requirements made of that road is that passengers shall be unloaded or received at each end of the terminal station, so as to distribute the traffic as much as possible.

The Brooklyn station will be open for traffic in about a month. It will have cost $270,000 when finished. The original plan for the Brooklyn terminal was to have a loop system with a fine stone station fronting on a plaza near the Brooklyn City Hall. This would have cost $2,500,000, and the plan was abandoned. It was found that the interest on the money would build this structure, which would be sufficient for several years. The elaborate plan has not been given up entirely, and the engineers refer to the new structure, with its capacity four times as large as the old structure, as a mere temporary affair.

The Weekly, within a year, printed a picture of the external appearance of the new Brooklyn station. The accompanying picture shows what the interior will be like on the second story.

Franklin Matthews.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

XV.

In conclusion, I will restate some of the propositions that I have laid down and endeavored to sustain in these papers. I began with the proposition that money is not a good in itself, but only as it easily and conveniently procures for its possessors what they need or desire. It saves the trouble and expense of barter. It represents food, raiment, shelter, and other necessaries of life as well as its luxuries.

The quality that money should possess ought to be clear to every one. It must be honest money. If it is metal it must be intrinsically worth the sum it professes. If it is paper it must be redeemable in the amount called for by its face. It must mean what it says. It must not only actually possess these qualities, but those who are asked to accept it in return for their products and goods must believe that it does. In the simple community the storekeeper's orders possessed these qualities, and they passed as money. So bank paper passes in the country in which the bank is situated, whose people believe that the bank is sound. But in international commerce gold is the only money that is universally recognized, and it is necessary, therefore, for this country, and for all countries that carry on commerce, to accept gold as the standard of value. Otherwise there must be confusion arising from fluctuations in exchange, which would be largely due to fluctuations in the price of any other metal than gold that became the standard of value of the country departing from the gold standard.

Whatever may be said in favor of international bimetallism, international bimetallism is not an imminent question. The first question that this country must answer is whether it will abandon the monetary system which prevails among the stronger nations of the world, and adopt that which prevails among the weaker nations, whether it will abandon gold and take silver as its standard. It has been proved that it cannot alone maintain silver. The panic of 1893 demonstrated this to intelligent minds. It has also been proved that it cannot alone maintain the price of silver, which has been falling for nearly thirty years. The failure of the attempts to do so through the acts of 1878 and 1890 is a signal proof of the inability of this country, acting alone, to make sixteen ounces of silver equal to one ounce of gold, when in the markets of the world thirty-four ounces of silver are equal in value to one ounce of gold. The only ground on which the single silver standard could be maintained is that we act independently of Europe; but to say that our commercial life could be maintained in vigorous health with any other than the world's monetary standard is like saying that our physical and material well-being could be preserved if we could and did shut out the beneficent light and heat of the sun. International commerce is part of our existence. We cannot live without it, as our farmer, who is our principal exporter, ought to know. If we should try to, he and the man who lives by his personal services would be the first to discover what it means to be in the hands of the money-broker, as they found out before when we paid for our greenback debauch, and in 1893 when Europe began to doubt our intentions as to silver.

The quality of the money and currency which we need being established, the question is as to the quantity. I have endeavored to show that this amount is dependent on the demands of business. The amount of money in circulation is the amount needed to carry on the trade and commerce of the country, and that ought to fix the amount of money in existence. A currency that responds to the demands of business, expanding with a brisk trade and a large demand for the tool of exchange, and contracting when trade is dull and the demand light, is an elastic currency. Our own currency is not elastic. No human prescience, least of all the prescience of the excellent but inexperienced gentlemen who are elected to Congress, can fix the amount of money that is needed by the business interests of this country. They have attempted it and failed. They have not understood the great truth which was illustrated in the imaginary account of the transactions between the storekeeper and the wheat-buyer and the wheat-buyer and the farmer, the fact that one dollar of money or currency carries many dollars of transactions. They have added to the currency of the country since 1878 the sum of $1,629,000,000, but the business of the country has employed only $932,000,000 of this great sum. Was there ever a finer demonstration of folly? And this enormous and needless addition to the money of the country has been expensive. Without counting other elements of extravagance, the government has lost $156,000,000 on the value of the bullion it purchased under the acts of 1878 and 1890 alone. Business alone can determine how much money a country needs, and business has determined in this country that politicians have added too much to our stock of money, and that they have wasted valuable time, energy, and wealth in the commission of this grievous mistake.

Not only has the country a great supply of money. It has too much of certain kinds, and no elastic currency whatever. It has more than it ever had before, and more than is held by any great commercial nation except France. Moreover, we have enough gold to sustain a bank-note or paper circulation, on the basis of the Treasury's gold reserve, greater than our whole present circulation, and greater even than all the money and currency that exist in this country.

There is no need for more money in this country. There is every reason why the present gold standard should be maintained. I do not believe in international bimetallism, but, even if its adoption would be beneficial to the world, the question is now wholly speculative. Until there is a stronger movement towards that end than now exists, this country has only one of two courses to take—either to retain its present system, which makes the gold dollar the standard, or to adopt the South American system, which makes the silver dollar the standard. Most of the present talk about international bimetallism comes from politicians who are trying to deceive the people, and especially the silver men. They are fishing for silver votes. But what the silver men want is the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and they want this country to adopt that system independently of other nations. They do not care what happens to the commerce of the country, nor to the farmer, whose products constitute the larger part of the goods that are sold to foreign countries, so long as they can sell fifty cents' worth of silver for a dollar. The international bimetallic politician cannot deceive the silver-mine owner, nor can the silver-mine owner, I trust, deceive the farmer, the mechanic, the wage-earner, the professional man, the merchant, who make up the people for whose benefit this country ought to be governed.

In the course of these papers, while I have been trying to establish the propositions that the money we need is honest money, the world's money, and, under existing conditions, gold money, that the amount we need cannot be determined by politicians, but must be fixed by the demands of business, and that these demands have shown that we already possess more money than we need, and that the redundance has cost us dear, I have also shown that prices are not dependent on money, that the so-called "demonetization" of silver did not cause a fall in prices, and that the country has prospered greatly since 1873, notwithstanding the mournful outcries of the bimetallists. Whatever may be the present state of the public mind in this country on the subject of money, I have no doubt that reflection and study will bring the people to the conclusions that I have reached. There is no economic problem, especially no problem involving a moral issue, that the people of the United States have not solved on the side of honesty and common-sense, after a full and free discussion. Such a full and free discussion is now in progress on the money question, and I am confident that the United States will not consent to become one of the cheap-money nations of the earth, but will insist on remaining among the sound-money nations.

H. L. N.

A NOVELTY AMONG RAILROADS.

There is now building in South Florida a railroad peculiarly novel in form and economical in construction.

The company constructing it is known as the Avon Park Transportation Company, and the road will run from Avon Park in De Soto County to Haines City in Polk County, about forty miles due north. The capital stock is $25,000, with which sum the promoters expect to build and equip the road. "Up North" that amount would barely build a mile of road. That it can be made to build and equip forty miles of track in Florida opens up a new era in railroad construction.

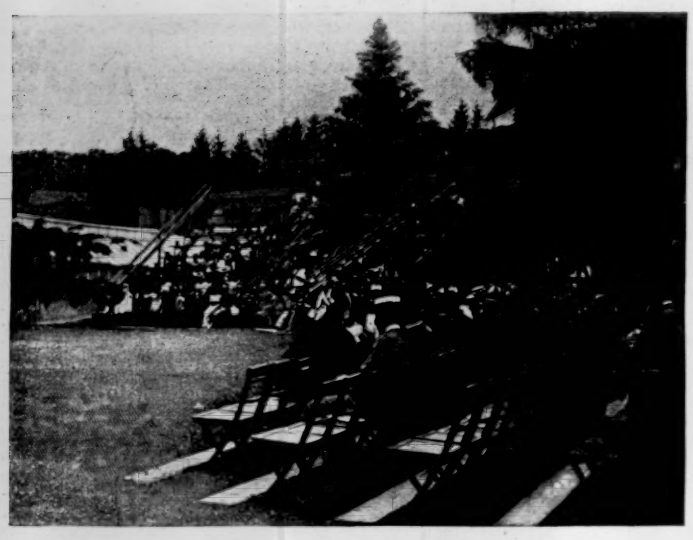
The credit of originating the new idea belongs largely to Mr. J. C. Burleigh, a Connecticut Yankee transplanted to Florida, and now superintendent of the new line that is being constructed. Last fall Mr. Burleigh was manager of a steam saw-mill in Avon Park. The timber for a mile around his mill had been cut and hauled to his saw by mule power, and could no longer be furnished profitably by this means. Either he must move his mill farther out into the forest, or find some other agent for transporting logs. He sent an order to the Lima Locomotive Machine Works for one of their twelve-ton Shay locomotives.

When word came that she was at Bowling Green, the nearest railway station, twenty-three miles distant, Mr. Burleigh went to Bowling Green with a force of twelve men, a cook, camping outfit, and a stock of 4×6 and 2×6 timbers, built an inclined plane of trestle-work flush with the floor of the box-car on which the locomotive lay, and on this laid a tramway of the 4×6 rails, which led down to the earth and out into the forest. Then he slewed the Crosby, as the locomotive was named, round till her head pointed to the east, got her wheels, which have an eight-inch tread, upon the trams, and told his engineer to give her steam. He did so, and inch by inch she came down the trestle to solid earth as gracefully, if not as quickly, as a ship launches herself from the ways into her natural element. When she had steamed to the end of the tramway, the rails behind were taken up and laid down again in front, and in this way, over creeks, through marshes and swamps, and the comparatively level surface of the flat woods, she made her way in nine days to the Park. There an ovation was accorded her. The citizens assembled to greet her, the bells rang, the whistle tooted, the band played, speeches were made, and great enthusiasm was displayed.

The motor had been moved so successfully over the wooden tramway that it suggested to Mr. Burleigh a similar device for his logging road. For this he took 4×8 beams and laid them in the sand without cross-ties, the ends being joined by wooden fish-plates. Rails and fish-plates were held together by wooden pins eighteen inches long, driven through both and into the ground.

This road has now been in operation several months without repairs and without accident, although about twenty heavy logging trains a day run over it; the rails quickly embed themselves in the sand, which packs about them and holds them firmly in place.

When in January last the Avon Park Transportation Company was formed, Mr. Burleigh was elected superintendent, and proposed building the new road on the lines laid down in his logging road, offering to take any doubting Thomas over the line and give him ocular demonstration of its safety and efficiency. His plan was adopted, and the road is now being built through the primeval forest to Haines City, where it will connect with the Plant system for Jacksonville and the North.



A VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE.

"FAIR ROSAMOND."

THE ROMANTIC PASTORAL PLAY PRODUCED AT ALBANY.

In 1886 *Fair Rosamond*, a play for the open air, adapted and arranged by the late E. W. Godwin from Tennyson's play of *Becket*, was produced in England. It took place at Cannizaro woods, Wimbledon Common, and Lady Archibald Campbell played the title rôle.

On the 4th and 5th of this month this play was produced for charity, with great success, at Albany, New York, at the beautiful country-place of the Hon. Erastus Corning, at Kenwood, a few miles south of the city.

MISS PRUYN AS THE SPIRIT OF FANCY.

The same costumes that helped make the play so truthful and picturesque in England were used in this production; for an American lady of keen judgment, a resident of Albany, had bought them outright, with the intention of producing *Rosamond* in the United States, for which she also had secured the sole rights.

Few plays lend themselves so readily to the stage-settings of nature as does the play of *Rosamond*. No change of scene is necessary; the movement is easy and natural, and the story is simply and sweetly told. It needed no stretch of the imagination to transform the wood at Corning Farm to the forest of old England, and so well was the tragic story acted that it is safe to say that it will be seen again.

All lovers of romantic history are familiar with the story; no one can fail of sympathy. The time is surrounded with the glamour of the days of the Plantagenets, and the poetry of Tennyson has held it.

The open air, a broad stretch of green, and the background of the forest trees make the illusion perfect. There is no curtain to rise, no foot-lights to cast false shadows; an approach is seen or a bugle sounded without the effect of artificial distance. The play and the actors live. It might be the year 1160.

A chorus of falconers approaches, their voices are heard in the distance, and they are seen coming through the shadows as they sing. When they pass away, and their song dies out, King Henry and Thomas à Becket are seen approaching. They sit down at a table and begin a game of chess. During the game the stormy differences that existed between church and state in the twelfth century are discussed. Henry reveals to Becket the secret of Rosamond's Bower, and exacts an oath that Becket will protect her.

Five years elapse between the first and second scenes: after the death of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, Becket has been advanced to the Primacy of England upon the nomination of King Henry. We are now at Rosamond's Bower in England; Henry is there; Rosamond begs him to be reconciled to Becket. This the King evades. The love between Henry and the mistress of his heart, and of both for their son Geoffrey, is touchingly shown. As they leave and wander off, a merry assemblage of young peasants comes down the hill-side; the music of an old-time dance is played, to which the men and maidens tread a May-day round. They exeunt in the distance through the trees, and Henry takes leave of Rosamond.

BECKET SWEARS TO PROTECT ROSAMOND.

Scene third: Queen Eleanor and Reginald Fitzwise (who had been an unsuccessful suitor for Rosamond's hand) find out the Bower. The jealous Queen threatens the lives of Rosamond and Geoffrey. Becket comes in time to save the King's love and the King's son, and thus keeps his promise. He takes Rosamond away to Godstow nunnery. Henry comes suddenly to the Bower, and finding Eleanor, his Queen and legal wife, in the place, there follows a strong scene. Frenzied in his rage, the King of England speaks the words that lead to Becket's death—"Will no man free me from this pestilent priest?" With a cry of "King's men!" four fickle nobles dash off to revenge him. They show the spot now at Canterbury.

HENRY REVEALS TO BECKET THE SECRET OF ROSAMOND'S BOWER.

Henry was played by Mr. John Malone. His King was forceful and full of Henry's fierce passion—contradictory, as Henry was, yet never inconsistent with the character.

Miss Caverly, in the difficult part of Rosamond, which rises from simplicity and all-gentleness to forcefulness and towering womanhood, proved herself to be an actress, and showed feeling and rare discretion.

Mr. Lanahan's à Becket was strong and consistent. In the scenes with Henry he showed both subtlety and power, and in the last act the change from soldier to cleric was strongly made.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Although the rest of the cast was made up of amateurs, the performance was firmly welded throughout.

The thankless and arduous task of the portrayal of the Queen was given to Miss Maud Strain, who made her first appearance in any rôle of such importance. Her performance showed promise, and was rendered with intelligence and feeling throughout. This can be said also of the Margery of Miss Harriet Paddock, who brought a sense of humor—which is denied most women, cynics tell us—to her part. Over seventy minor actors were in the cast, and the grouping and effects were most successful. Between each act Mr Malone, as stage-manager, had interpolated bits of descriptive verse that took the place of curtains. These short prologues, so to speak, were interpreted by Miss H. L. Pruyn, as the "Spirit of Fancy," and were wholly in keeping, both in tone and rendering, with the feeling of the play. *Fair Rosamond* is made for the open air and sunshine.

James Barnes.

QUEEN ELEANOR THREATENS ROSAMOND.

MANY BRAVE FEATHERS TAKES A RIDE.

"Kahmeeschetookeehewup, will you ride a fine horse once?"

The Cree chief looked at the handsome black mare the chief factor was leading towards him; then he called one of his braves. "Bring my painted buffalo-robe and my bow and feathered arrows," he said.

He mounted and rode back some way along the trail which stretched over the undulating prairie and on far to the south, where the buffalo fattened numberless on the rich grass. He would "run" the mare as though he were running buffalo; he would show these white men how Many Brave Feathers hunted!

He turned and gave her her head. On he came, like the hawk, shooting his arrows at the little poplars in the bluffs along the trail as he rode. A crowd had assembled to see the run; part were his own people, the others the staff of the Company at old Fort Ellice.

He was riding very fast. As he neared the stockade he tried to pull the mare in. But she declined to be pulled in; she was just getting nicely going.

"*Ay-ay-yah!*" yelled the spectators, giving the war-whoop as he shot past, and he kept on and circled the fort.

Now a bad thought came into his head; he would run away with the mare!

The chief factor's face did not entirely dissemble the feeling of chagrin with which he beheld his favorite beast vanish over a slope in the south under the sailing buffalo-skin. Then he went to his quarters. The features of the other on-lookers wore a big general smile as he disappeared. The genial sun smiled broadly too, in the summer sky; in fact, everything seemed smiling—except the chief factor.

"Well, if that ain't a good un!" remarked the clerk to the rest of the staff as they sauntered back.

Many Brave Feathers passed the night at Moose Mountain. Moose Mountain is only seventy-five miles from Fort Ellice, but then it was afternoon when he started. Next day he arrived at a camp of his own tribe and Assiniboins on Broken Shell Creek in the buffalo country.

All that fall and winter he staid out on the plains, running buffalo with the stolen horse, though he never lent her to any one except his sweetheart, who used to ride her when they moved camp. In the spring, when the grass was green, the camp, with its store of robes and cured meat, journeyed towards Fort Ellice. Many Brave Feathers ordered one of his men to catch him three horses out of the band. He came to the fort riding the mare and leading the three other horses, and asked for the chief factor. He had had the mare seven moons, but she had been well cared for and was fat.

"Ah-ha, 'Mistahuse,' you speak true. The mare is very fast," he said, as he put the lines of the four horses into the chief factor's hand.

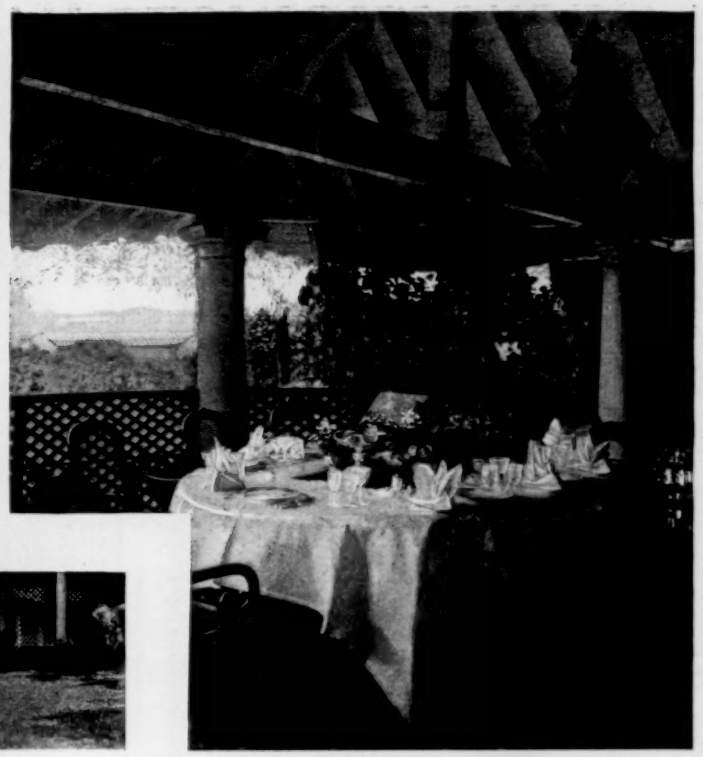
"Blamed if I wouldn't like some aboriginal Augustus to borrow my doggoned pinto cayuse for six months on the same terms!" exclaimed the clerk. He thought the old man had the best of it after all.

William Bleasdell Cameron.

BECKET SAVES ROSAMOND AND FULFILS HIS PROMISE.

IN THE BUNGALOW OF THE GENERAL MANAGER, GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

ON THE LAWN AT PEARCE'S.



READY FOR BREAKFAST.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN CEYLON—BUNGALOWS.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

BUNGALOWS.

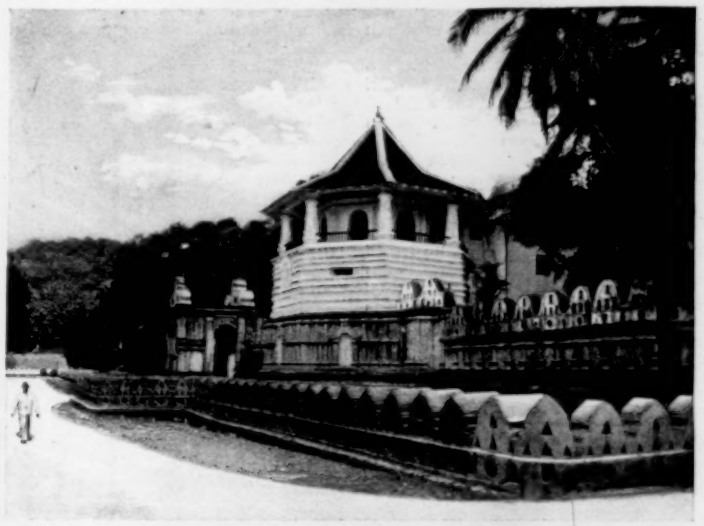
THE bungalow is the Ceylon residence, the general term by which the dwelling-places of the Europeans are known. The typical bungalow is a single-story structure with long sloping roof projecting so as to afford deep and shady verandas, to which, as a rule, all doors and windows open at its level. Generally speaking, no portion of the walls of the bungalow proper is exposed to the rays of the sun, covered ways extending on all sides, and over these are grown vines, ferns, and palms in a profusion which insures a shade at once cool and restful. A charm of these embowered homes, which, however, cannot be fittingly described, is the susceptibility of many of the species of trailing or climbing growth to naturally drape in symmetrical and at the same time unstudied garlands, while the long sprays of exquisitely lovely colors which thrust out from the parent stem and curve over in perfect lines of beauty complete a charm of floral and leafage embellishment peculiar to Ceylon. The rooms are large and airy, the furnishing suggestive of cool and delightful repose, and altogether there is an atmosphere of ease and bodily comfort quite conducive in a very short time to readily permitting the quiet and attentive servants to anticipate every possible physical exertion and rendering it quite unnecessary. Every well-regulated bungalow appears to have its tennis-court, and the game is pre-eminently the exercise of the Europeans.

Life in the bungalow commences with the rising of the sun, and early tea is served in the bedrooms. Then the horseback ride or drive, a couple of hours with the gun, or a brisk tramp. Back to the bungalow and the bath. Breakfast at ten, tiffin at two, and, as evening approaches, the tennis-court. Dinner does not come until eight or half past, and is followed by the delicious lounge over coffee and cigars on the veranda.

KANDY.

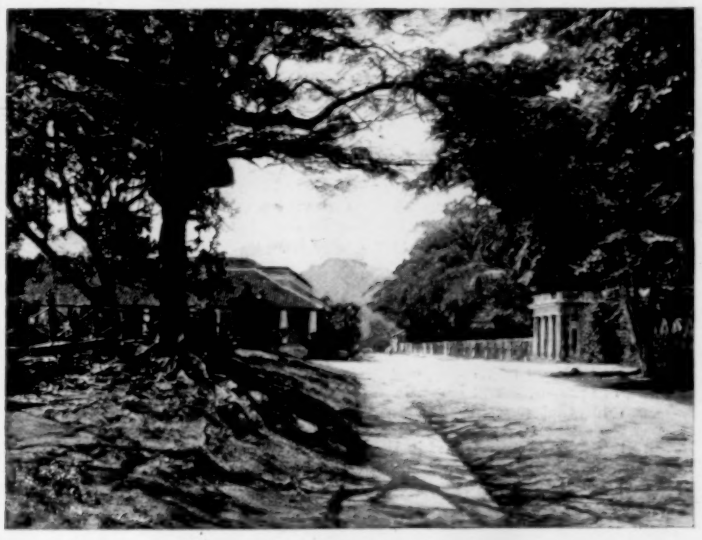
Two kinds of interest cling about the town and neighborhood of Kandy, the sole remaining city of the hills. One of these is connected with its history, and the other

STREET SCENE, NATIVE SECTION.



DALADA MALAGAWA—TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH.

QUEEN'S HOTEL AND PROMENADE.



EUROPEAN SECTION.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN CEYLON—KANDY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

with its situation. In both these respects Kandy has been the subject of a good deal of popular exaggeration. The town, whatever it may once have been, has not the smallest pretensions to be looked upon as a city, nor the very faintest claims to emulate in its buildings the great cities of India, or even the ruined cities of Ceylon itself.

It is not easy to say exactly when the town of Kandy was originally founded, but it is certainly little if any more than three centuries since it attained to the dignity of being made a royal residence. Of the sixteen temples that adorn it, if indeed it is not too much to say this of such very ordinary structures as most of them are, twelve are Buddhist and four are Brahmin, but none is really in any way remarkable for its architectural excellence.

The town, like all the towns of India and Ceylon after a short period of British occupation, consists of two parts —a native and a European section. Our illustration of a street scene in the native section shows the remains of the royal city of Kandy at its best, so far as it existed under native rule. Half a dozen such streets, running in one direction and crossed by as many more at something like right angles, constitute the native city. It need hardly be said that the place is a good deal cleaner and more healthy to live in than it was when it enjoyed the dignity, and groaned under the misery, of being the seat of native government of the state of Kandy. The European section, which is shown by way of contrast, is a pretty and romantic although a very small settlement, in which the bungalows of the handful of officials are embowered in trees, and surrounded with all that nature does there with such a lavish hand to render life agreeable. The place, however, has an unusually bad reputation as a kind of headquarters station for all the snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and other tropical vermin, which, although they no doubt add something to the excitement of life at Kandy, are not conducive to the calm of existence.

The central point of the European section is the Governor's official residence, and in the midst of the summer heats the place is gay with the influx of visitors from Colombo in search of relief from the oppressive climate of the coastal district. The Queen's Hotel, which is the subject of one of our illustrations, is one of the modern provisions to meet the want of accommodation for the lowland visitors, and is a creditable specimen of the hotels of the country. In this respect, however, Ceylon is very far from being so well supplied as it is in many other matters, and the superabundance of native attendants is too often in the inverse ratio to the efficiency of the service.

In spite of its disappointing character as a royal town, Kandy has many charms for the visitor. Like nearly every spot in the hill country its situation is romantic and beautiful, and what is wanting in stateliness of architecture many would think more than made up for by the gorgeous coloring of its flowers and foliage and the majesty and beauty of its timber trees. The artificial lake which was constructed by the last King of Kandy, and on the shore of which his half-ruinous palace still stands, forms a pleasing centre to the picture as seen from the higher ground which encircles the place on all sides, and even the dark stories of the uses to which the lake was put in the drowning of superfluous wives and others who fell under his royal displeasure seems to add something of Oriental flavor to the interest of the spot.

The palace of the last king, although romantically situated by the lake-side, and embowered in trees, has little to attract attention from an architectural stand-point, and the same may be said of the Temple of the Tooth, of which we give an illustration. The singular wall of stone which surrounds the sacred enclosure of this temple, indeed, is much more interesting than any part of the building itself, which is, however, one of great sanctity, owing to its being the receptacle of the sacred tooth of Buddha—like many other relics vaunted as the only real article of the kind in existence. It need hardly be said that there are other teeth in other temples, though not in Ceylon, each of which puts in a similar claim to the possession of the only undeniable tooth. It must be admitted that an inspection of this particular relic does not greatly impress the irreverent Western mind. It is kept in the temple under a silver bell-like dome, and suspiciously resembles that of a horse.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MILLENNIUM.

WITH the last word he impelled me towards the door that led to the inner hall and the postern; and knowing as I did that every moment I delayed might stand for a life, and that within a minute or two at most the rear of the building would be beset, and my chance of egress lost, it was to be expected that I should not hesitate.

Yet I did. The main body of Froment's followers had flocked up stairs, whence they could be heard firing from the roof and windows. He stood almost alone in the middle of the floor, in the attitude of one listening and thinking, while a knot of Green Ribbons, who seemed the most determined of his followers, hung growling about the barricaded door. And something in the gloomy brightness of the room, something in the loneliness of his figure as he stood there, appealed to me; I even took one step backwards. But at the moment he looked up, his face grown dark, and waved me off with a gesture almost of rage. I knew then that of his thoughts I had but a small part; that at this moment, while the edifice he had built up with so much care and so much risk was crumbling about him, he was thinking not of us, but of those who had promised and failed him, had given good words and left him to perish. And I went.

But even for that moment of delay it seemed that I might pay too dearly. A dozen steps brought me to the low-browed door he had indicated in the thickness of the wall, at the foot of the main staircase; but already a man was adjusting the last bar. I cried to him to open. "Open! I must go out!" I said.

"Dieu! It is too late!" he answered, with a dark glance at me.

My heart sank. I feared he was right. Still, he began to unbar, and in half a minute we had the door loose; with a pistol in his hand he opened it on the chain and looked out. It opened on a narrow passage—which, God be thanked, was still empty. He dropped the chain and almost thrust me out; cried, "To the left! to the left!" and then, as, dazzled by the sunlight, I turned that way, I heard the door slammed behind me and the chain rattle as it was linked again.

The buildings intervening somewhat deadened the noise of the mob and the firing, but, as I hurried down the alley, bareheaded, and with the pistol which Froment had given me firmly clutched in my hand, I heard a fresh spirit of noise behind me, and knew that the assailants had entered the passage by the farther end, and that had I waited a moment longer I should have been too late.

As it was, my position was sufficiently forlorn, if not hopeless. Alone, and a stranger, without hat or badge, knowing little of the streets, I might blunder at any corner into the arms of one of the parties. I had a notion that the church by the Capuchins was that which I had visited near Madame Catinot's; and my first thought was to gain the main street leading in that direction. This was not so easy, however, the alley in which I was leading only into a second passage equally strait and gloomy. After a moment of hesitation I turned along this to the left, but before I had gone a dozen paces I heard shouting in front of me, and halted and retraced my steps. Hurrying the other way, I found myself in a minute in a little well-like court, with no second outlet that I could see; and I stood a moment panting and at a loss, rendered frantic and almost desperate by the thought that while I hovered there uncertain, the die might be cast, and those whom I sought perish for lack of my aid.

I was about to return, resolved to face at all risks the party of rioters whom I had heard behind me, when an open window in the lowest floor of one of the houses that stood round the court caught my eye. It was not far from the ground, and to see was to determine; the house must have an outlet. In a dozen strides I crossed the court, and resting one hand on the sill of the window, vaulted into the room, alighted sideways on a stool, and fell heavily on the floor.

I was up in a moment, unhurt, but with a woman's scream ringing in my ears, and a woman, a girl, cowering from me, white-faced, her back to the door. She had been kneeling, praying probably, by the bed, and I had almost fallen on her. While I looked, she screamed again, and I called to her in Heaven's name to be silent.

"The door! Only the door!" I cried. "Show it me; I will hurt no one."

"Who are you?" she muttered. And still shrinking from me, she stared at me with distended eyes.

"Mon Dieu! what does it matter?" I answered, fiercely. "The door, woman! The door into the street!"

I advanced upon her, and fear, which had paralyzed her, gave her sense again. She opened the door, and pointed dumbly down a passage. I hurried through the passage, rejoicing at my success; but before I could unbar the door that I found facing me a second woman came out of a room at the side and saw me, and threw up her hands with a cry of terror.

"Which is the way to the church by the Capuchins?" I said.

She clapped one hand to her side, but she answered.

"ON LONG PIKES RAISED HIGH ABOVE THE MOB MOVED THE SEVERED HEADS."

"To the left!" she gasped. "And then to the right. Are they coming?"

I did not stay to ask whom she meant, but getting the door open at last, I darted into the street. One look up and down, and I was in again and the door closed behind me. My eyes met the woman's, and without a word she snatched up the bar I had dropped and set it in the sockets. Then she turned and ran up the stairs, and I followed her, the girl into whose room I had leapt and whose scared face showed for a second at the end of the passage, disappearing like a rabbit as we passed her.

I followed the woman to the window of an upper room, and we looked out, standing back and peering fearfully over the sill. No need to ask why I had returned so quickly! The roar of many voices seemed in a moment to fill all the street; the casement shook with the tread of thousands and thousands of advancing feet, as, rank after rank, stretching from wall to wall, the mob, or one section of it, swept by, the foremost marching in order shoulder to shoulder, armed with muskets and in some kind of uniform, the rearmost a savage rabble with naked arms and pikes and axes, who looked up at the windows and shook their fists and danced and leapt as they went by, with a great shout of "*Aux Arènes! Aux Arènes!*"

In themselves they were a sight to make a quiet man's blood run chill; but they had that in their midst on view of which the woman beside me clutched my arm and screamed aloud. On six long pikes, raised high above the mob, moved six severed heads, one, the foremost, bald and large and hideously leering. They lifted these to the windows, and shook their gory locks in sport; and so went by, and in a moment the street was quiet again.

The woman, trembling in a chair, muttered that they had sacked La Vierge, the red cabaret, and that the bald head was a town-councillor's, her neighbor. But I did not stay to listen. I left her where she was, and hurrying down again, unbarred the door and went out. The morning sun shone bright and warm on the long empty street, and seemed to give the lie to the thing I had seen. Not a living creature was visible this way or that, not a face at a window. I stood a moment in the middle of the road, disconcerted, puzzled by the bright stillness, and uncertain which way I had been going. Then I remembered the woman's directions, and set off on the heels of the mob, until I reached the first turning on the right. I took this, and had not gone a hundred yards before I recognized, a little in front of me, Madame Catinot's house.

It showed to the sunshine a blind front, long rows of shuttered windows, and not a sign of life. Nevertheless, here was something I knew, and I hailed it with hope, and flinging myself on the door knocked long and recklessly. The noise seemed fit to waken the dead; it boomed and echoed in every doorway of the empty street that on the evening of my arrival had teemed with traffic; and I shivered at the sound; I shivered, standing conspicuous on the steps of the house, expecting a score of windows to be opened and heads thrust out.

But I had not yet learned how the extremity of panic benumbs, or how strong is the cowardly instinct that binds the peaceful man to his hearth when blood flows in the streets. Not a face showed at a casement, not a man opened; worse, though I knocked again and again, the house I would awaken remained dead and silent. I stood back and gazed at it, and hammered again, thinking this time nothing of myself.

But without result. Or not quite. Far away, at the end of the street, the echo of my knocking dwelt a little, then grew into a fuller, deeper sound—a sound I knew. The mob was returning.

I cursed my folly then for lingering, thought of the passage in the rear of the house that led to the church, found the entrance to it, and in a moment was speeding through it. The distant roar grew nearer and louder; but now I could see the low door of the church, and I slackened my pace a little. As I did so the door before me opened, and a man looked out. I saw his face before he saw me, and read it; saw terror, shame, and rage written on its mean features, and in some strange way knew what he was going to do before he did it. A moment he glared abroad, blinking in the sunshine, then spied me, slid out, and with an indescribable Judas look at me, fled away.

He left the door ajar—I knew him somehow for the doorkeeper deserting his post—and in a moment I was in the church, and face to face with a sight I shall remember while I live; for that which was passing outside gave it a solemnity beyond even that strange service I had witnessed there before. The sun shut out, a few red altar lamps shed a sombre light on the pillars and the dim pictures and the vanishing spaces, above all, on a vast crowd of kneeling women, whose bowed heads and wailing voices, as they chanted the Litany of the Virgin, filled the nave. There were some, principally on the fringe of the assembly, who rocked themselves to and fro, weeping silently, or lay still as statues, with their foreheads pressed to the cold stones, while some, again, glanced this way and that with staring eyes, and started at the slightest sound, and moaned prayers with white lips. But more and more the passionate utterance of the braver souls chained the others; louder and louder the ceaseless "*Ora pro nobis! Ora pro nobis!*" rose and swelled through the vaults of the roof; more and more fervent it grew, wilder the abandonment of supplication, until—until I felt the tears rise in my throat, and my breast swell with pity and admiration, and—and then I saw Denise.

She knelt between her mother and Madame Catinot, nearly in the front row of those who faced the high altar. Whence I stood I had a side view of her face as she looked upward in rapt adoration —that face which I had once deemed so childish. Now, at the thought that she prayed, perhaps for me—at the thought that this woman, so pure and brave, that, though little more than a child, and soft and gentle and maidenly as I had found her, she could bear herself so nobly in this stress of death—at the thought that *she* loved me and prayed for me I felt myself more or less than a man! I felt the tears rising, I felt my breast heaving; and then—and then, as I went to drop on my knees, against the great doors on the farther side of the church came a thunderous shock and a shower of blows, and loud cries for admittance.

A horrible kind of shudder ran through the kneeling crowd; and here and there one screamed and sprang up and looked wildly round. But for a few moments the chant still rose monotonously, and filled the building and deadened the clamor; for a while the *Ora pro nobis! Ora pro nobis!* still rose and rose, and rose again, with an intensity of supplication, a pathos of repetition, that told of bursting hearts. But at last one of the leaves of the doors flew open, and that was too much; at the sound three parts of the congregation rose shrieking, though some still sang. By this time I was half-way to Denise's side; but before

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

I could reach her the other door gave way, and a dozen men flocked in tumultuously. I had a glimpse of a priest—afterwards I learned that it was Father Benoît—standing to oppose them with a cross upraised; and then by the dim light, which to them was darkness, I saw that the intruders were not the leaders of the mob, but foremost the two St. Alais, blood-stained and black with powder, with drawn swords and clothes torn, and behind them a score of their followers.

In their relief women flung themselves on their necks, and those who stood farther away burst into loud sobbing and weeping. But the men, after securing the doors behind them, began immediately to move across the church to the smaller exit on the alley, one crying that all was lost, and another that the east gate was open, while a third adjured the women to separate—that in the neighboring houses they would be safe, but that the church would be sacked; that even now the Calvinists were bursting in the gates of the monastery through which the fugitives had retreated, after being driven out of the Arènes.

All, on the instant, was panic and wailing and confusion. I have heard it said since that the worst thing the men could do was to take the church in their flight; and that had they kept aloof, the women would not have been disturbed; that as a fact the church was not sacked. But in such a hell as was Nîmes that morning, with the kennels running blood, and men's souls surprised by sudden defeat, it was hard to decide what was best, and I blame no one.

The rush for the door which followed the man's words drove me a little farther from Denise; but as she and the group round her held back and let the more timid or selfish go first, I had time to gain her side. She had drawn the hood of her cloak close round her face, and until I touched her arm she did not see me. Then without a word she clung to me—she clung to me, looking up; I saw her face under the hood, and it was happy. God! It was happy, even in that sense of terror!

After that Madame St. Alais, though she greeted me with a bitter smile, had no power to repel me. "You are quick, monsieur, to profit by your victory," she said, in a scathing tone. And that was all. I passed my arm round Denise, and followed close on Louis and Madame Catinot, while Monsieur le Marquis, after speaking with his mother, followed. As he did so his eye fell on me; but he only smiled, and, to something madame said, answered, aloud: "Mon Dieu, madame, what does it matter? We have thrown the last stake and lost. Let us leave the table."

She dropped her hood over her face; and even in that moment of fear and excitement I found something tragic in the act, and pitied her. But it was no time for sentiment or pity: the pursuers were not far behind the pursued; we were still in the church and some paces from the threshold giving on the alley, when a rush of footsteps outside the great doors behind us made itself heard, and the next instant the doors creaked under the blows hailed upon them. It was a question whether they would stand until we were out, and I felt the slender figure within my arm quiver and press more closely to me. But they held; and the next instant the crowd before us gave way, and we were outside in the daylight in the alley, hurrying quickly down it towards Madame Catinot's house.

It seemed to me that we were safe then, or nearly safe, so glad was I to find myself in the open air and out of the church. The ground fell away a little towards Madame Catinot's, and I could see the line of hastening heads bobbing along before us, and here and there white faces turned to look back. The high walls on either hand softened the noise of riot. Behind me were M. le Marquis and madame, and again behind them three or four of M. le Marquis's followers brought up the rear. I looked back beyond these, and saw that the alley opposite the church was still clear, that the pursuers had not yet passed through the church, and I stooped to whisper a word of comfort to Denise. I stooped, perhaps, longer than was necessary, for before I was aware of it I found myself stumbling over Louis's heels. A backward wave sweeping up the alley had brought him up short and flung him against me. With the movement, and as we all jostled one another, there rose far in front and rolled up the passage a sound of misery—a mingling of groans and screams and wailing such as I hope I may never hear again. Some strove furiously to push their way back; and some, not understanding what was amiss, to go forward; and some fell and were trodden underfoot; and for a few seconds the long narrow alley heaved and seethed with the agony of a panic.

Engaged in saving Denise from the crush, I did not for a moment understand. It seemed to me only that the women—three out of four were women—had gone mad, or given way to a shameful, selfish terror. Then, as our company, staggering and screaming, rolled back upon us, until it filled but half the length of the passage, I heard in front a roar of cruel laughter, and saw over the intervening heads a serried mass of pike-points filling the end of the passage opposite Madame Catinot's house. Then I understood. The Calvinists had cut us off; and my heart stood still.

For we could not retreat. I looked round, and saw the alley by the church porch choked with men who had come through the church; choked with harsh mocking faces gloating over our capture, and scowling eyes, and cruel thirsty pikes. We were hemmed in; in the long high walls, which it was impossible to scale, was no door or outlet short of Madame Catinot's house, and that was guarded. And before and behind us were the pikes!

I dream of that scene sometimes—of the sunshine, hot and bright, that lay ghastly on white faces distorted with fear; of women fallen on their knees, or turning frantically this way and that; of others screaming and uttering frenzied prayers, or hanging on men's necks; of the long writhing line of humanity, wherein fear, showing itself in every shape, had its way; of the fiendish jeers and laughter of the victors as they cried to the men to step out or hurled vile words at the women.

Even Nîmes, mother of factions, parent of a hundred quarterless brawls, never saw a worse scene, or one more devilish. For a few seconds, in the deadly surprise of this trap, in the sudden horror of finding ourselves, when all seemed well, at grips with death, I could only clutch Denise to me tighter and tighter, and hide her eyes on my bosom, as I leaned against the wall and groaned, with white lips. "Oh God," I thought, "the women! The women!" At such a time a man would give all the world that there might be none, or that he had never loved one!

"THE THIRD BORE ME DOWN WITH HIS PIKE FIXED IN MY SHOULDER."

St. Alais was the first to recover his presence of mind and act—if that could be called action which was no more than speech, since we were hopelessly enmeshed and outnumbered. Putting madame behind him, he waved a white kerchief to the men by the door of the church, who stood about thirty paces from us, and adjured them to let the women pass; even taunting them when they refused, and gibing at them as cowards who dared not face the men unencumbered.

But they only answered with jeers and savage laughter. "No, no, M. le Prêtre," they cried. "No, no! Come out and taste steel! Then perhaps we will let the women go! Or perhaps not."

"You cowards!" he cried.

But they only brandished their arms and laughed. "À bas les traîtres! À bas les prêtres!" they shrieked. "Stand out! Stand out, messieurs! Or we will come and pluck you from the women's skirts!"

He glowered at them in unspeakable rage. Then a man on their side stepped out and stilled the tumult. "Now listen!" said this fellow, a giant with long black hair falling over a tallowy face. "We will give you three minutes to come out and be piked. Then the women shall go. Skulk there behind them, and we fire on all, and their blood will be on your heads."

St. Alais stood speechless. At last, "You are fiends!" he cried, in a voice of horror. "Would you kill us before their eyes!"

"Ay, in their laps!" the man retorted, amid a roar of laughter. "So decide! Decide!" he continued, dancing a clumsy step and tossing a half-pike round his head. "Three minutes by the clock there! Come out, or we fire on all! It will be a dainty pie! A dainty Catholic pie, messieurs!"

St. Alais turned to me, his face white, his eyes staring, and he tried to speak. But his voice failed.

And then of what happened next I cannot tell; for a minute all was blurred. I can only remember how the sun lay hot on the wall beyond his face, and how black the lines of the mortar showed between the old thin Roman bricks. We were about twenty men and perhaps fifty women, huddled together in a space some forty yards long. A groan burst from the men's lips, and such as had women in their arms—and they were many—leaned against the wall and tried to comfort them, and tried to put them from them. One man cried curses on the dogs who would murder us, and shook his fists at them; and some rained kisses on the pale senseless faces that lay on their breasts—for, thank God! many of the women had fainted; and others, like St. Alais, looked mute agony into eyes that told it again, or clasped a neighbor's hand and looked up into a sky pitilessly blue. And I—I do not know what I did, save look into Denise's eyes and look and look. There was no senselessness in them.

Remember that the sun shone on all this, and the birds twittered and chirped in the gardens beyond the walls; that it wanted an hour or two of high noon, a southern noon; that in the crease of the valley the Rhone sparkled between its banks, and not far off the sea broke rippling and creaming on the shore of the Bouches; that all nature rejoiced, and only we—we, pent between those dreadful walls, those scowling faces, saw death imminent—black death shutting out all things!

A hand touched me; it was St. Alais's hand, I think; nay, I know, for I read it in his face that he meant to be reconciled to me. But when I turned, perhaps impatiently, to him—or it may be it was the sight of his sister's speechless misery moved him—he had another thought. As the black haired giant called "One minute gone!" and his following howled, M. le Marquis threw up his hand.

"Stay!" he cried, with the old gesture of command. "Stay! There is one man here who is not of us! Let him pass first!" And he pointed to me. "He has no part with us. I swear it!"

A roar of cruel laughter was the answer. Then, "He that is not with me is against me," the giant quoted, impiously. And they jeered again.

On that, I take no credit for what I did. In such moments of exaltation men are not accountable; and for another thing, I knew, I think, that they would not listen, that I risked nothing. And trembling with rage, I flung back their words. "I am against you!" I cried. "I would rather die here with them than live with you! You stain the earth! You pollute the air! You—"

No more, for with a shrill laugh the man next me, a mere lad, half-witted, I think, and the same who had cursed them, sprang by me and rushed on the pike-points. Half a dozen met in his breast before our eyes—before our eyes!—and with a wild scream he flung up his arms and was borne back against the side wall, dead and gushing blood.

Instinctively I had covered Denise's face, that she might not see. And it was well; for at that—there was a kind of mercy in it, and let me tell it quickly—the wretches, tasting blood, broke loose and rushed on us. I saw St. Alais thrust his mother behind him and fling himself on the pikes; and I pushed Denise down into the angle of the wall—though she clung to me and prayed to me; and the first that came at me I killed with Froment's pistol, and the next also, with the other barrel, at point-blank distance—feeling no fear, but only passion and rage. The third bore me down with his pike fixed in my shoulder, and for a moment I saw only the sky and his scowling face black against it, and shut my eyes to the blow that must follow.

But none did follow. Instead a weight fell on me and I began to struggle; and a whole battle, it seemed to me, was fought over me in that horrible slaughter-house alley, where they dragged men from women's arms and forced them to the wall and stabbed them to death without pity; and things were done of which I dare not tell.

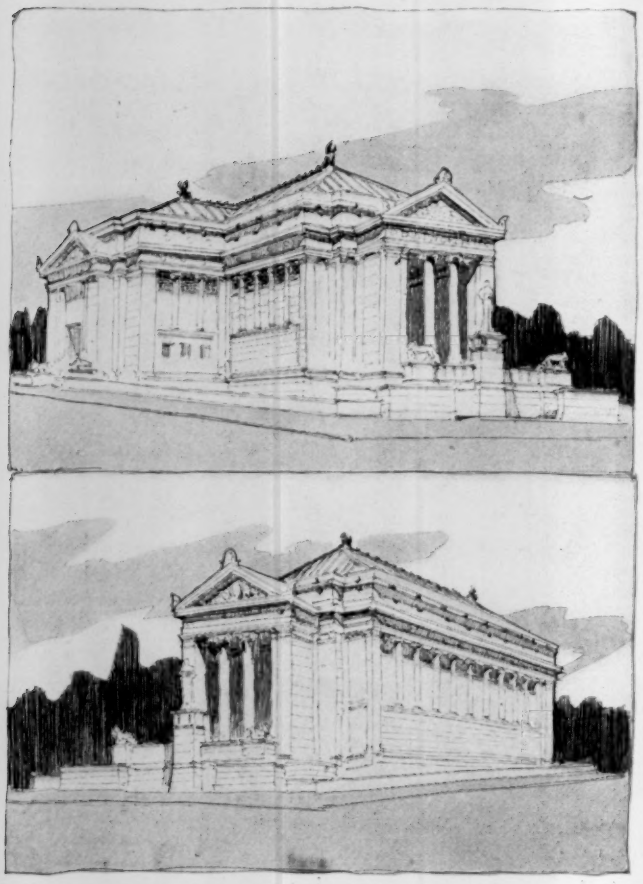
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW TERMINAL IN BROOKLYN OF THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 557.]

BICYCLING ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 568.]

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE IN ROME.

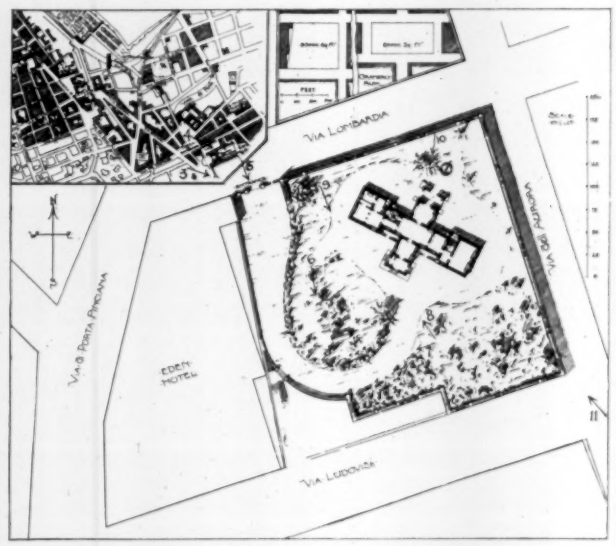
BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.



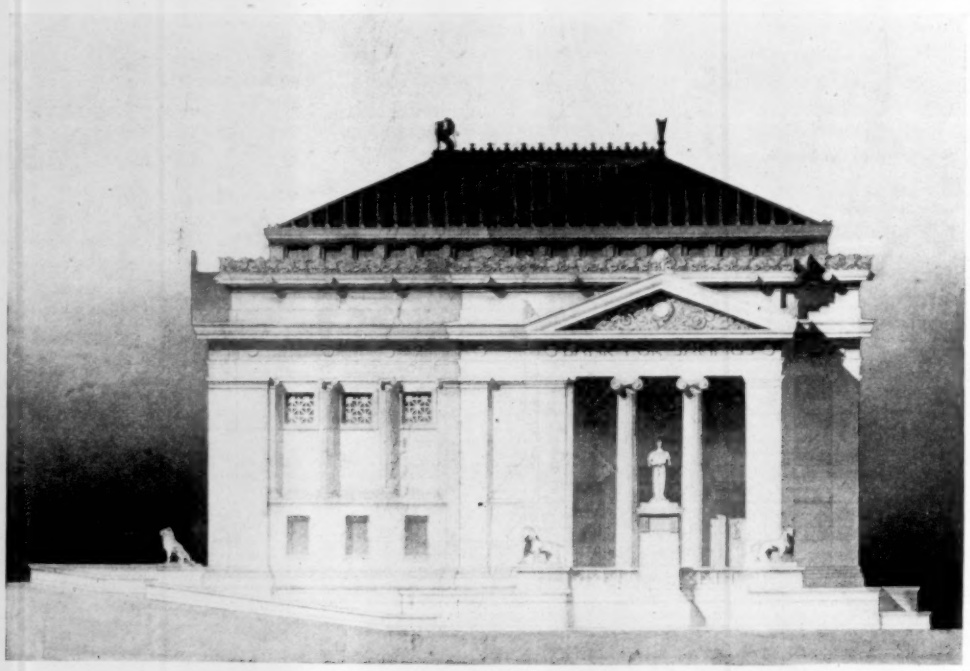
PERSPECTIVE VIEWS OF SAVINGS-BANK.
Designed by John Russell Pope, winner of the Roman Scholarship.

WHEN American artists and architects first undertook the exploration of Europe as a matter of professional study and stimulus, the mere exchanging of one sky for another was considered talismanic and formative. Contact with foreign schools and monuments in a general way was thought to be sufficient for the invigoration of an artistic individuality. It was the point of view of the last century and of the first decades of this, when it was imperative that a man should be "finished" by a course of travel abroad after his college days were ended. Since then study has become more specialized, and travel with it. Particular centres of instruction have large followings, and for each a loyalty has arisen which has given tremendous force to its dicta. Every one knows the ascendancy of Paris among our painters, an ascendancy which has only of late years begun to wane. The architects, on the other hand, have emulated more or less the liberty of their ancestors. They have studied where it has pleased them to pitch their tents, and save for their few months or years at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, they have gone blithely up and down the continent, sketching wherever their fancy prompted them, and following no strict system, if any system at all. In Italy, the fountain-head of much of their inspiration, they have been more than anywhere else wayward and capricious. It is a fascinating labyrinth in which to lose one's self. The architect is hardly to be blamed who pauses to enjoy the treasures of every by-path which allures him on the border of that wide stream of architectural development which he may have dim intentions of tracing to its source. But though he is blameless he is nevertheless injudicious, and to emphasize this is absolutely necessary as a prelude to the account of the American School of Architecture in Rome which is to follow. That school would never have been projected had its originators not realized that architectural students in Europe were in pressing need of some controlling influence based on judgment more experienced than their own. Men are coming back every year from Italy and France to begin the practice of their profession with full sketch-books and with heads not empty, perhaps, but certainly much confused. Academic teaching is admirable within its limits, but after those limits have been passed the precepts of a formal system cease to have weight, to fructify in a healthy manner, and they prove barren at just that time when help from outside is most essential to the student. He has submitted to the discipline of his chosen masters; an invaluable training in the higher practical elements of architectural design has been given him, and in one competition after another he has solved interesting, instructive problems. Perhaps he has been graduated with honors. But you cannot become an architect by learning the bald potentialities of the Five Orders, and the student goes on his way to Italy, to Spain, to Greece, to southern France, as the case may be, without any guiding principle. He has no safe touchstone. That provided by his elementary studies is safe so far as it goes, but it does not carry him beyond an academic horizon, and the essence of good architecture is a flexible searching for grandeur of effect, an aim incompatible with any rigid adherence to academic rule. It is to foster that aim that the new school at Rome has been established, not to create an arbitrary formula and to impose a system, but to serve as a mentor for the architectural student.

When the founders of the school conceived this ambition they saw that its gratification would depend largely upon the co-operation of the various educational institutions which embrace architectural study in their curricula. It is scarcely a year since the first meeting was held in the interest of the school, but the organization which was soon effected brought together in a common cause all the important schools of architecture in America. Cornell University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Illinois, Syracuse University, Columbia College, and Harvard University all have architectural courses, and at Columbia, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania travelling scholarships have been established. These institutions have given their heartiest co-operation to the furtherance of the Roman project, other interests have been drawn into the scheme, painters, sculptors, archæologists, and collectors offering their aid, and when the permanent committee of management was formed the other day its members were selected with a policy so wise and comprehensive that their names are placed on record herewith: Messrs. R. M. Hunt, C. F. McKim, W. A. Boring, W. M. Kendall, Augustus St. Gaudens, Edward Simmons, Frederic Crowninshield, H. G. Marquand, J. A. Garland, and F. Augustus Schermerhorn, of New York; Messrs. Martin Brimmer, R. S. Peabody, and George T. Tilden, of Boston; Messrs. Frank Miles Day and Theodore N. Ely, of Philadelphia; Mr. Samuel G. Ward, of Washington; Messrs. D. H. Burnham and Franklin McVeagh, of Chicago; Mr. George E. Leighton, of St. Louis; and the chiefs of the departments of Fine Arts or of Architecture in the principal institutions which maintain courses in Architecture, namely, Professor Norton, of Harvard University, Professor Ware, of Columbia College, Professor Laird, of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Babcock, of Cornell University, Professor Chandler, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Professor Ricker, of the University of Illinois, and Professor Brockway, of Syracuse University. The architectural ideal of these gentlemen in their official capacity may be stated as classic, their preferred types of building being found among the monuments of antique Greece and Renaissance Italy. Their educational theory is that contact with those monuments, regulated by sound judgment and pursued with an animus of culture, not with any desire to revive a pseudo-pagan school of architecture, would provide the American architect with a foundation upon which he would be bound to erect at least a consistent and dignified career. Accordingly it was resolved that the school they contemplated should have its headquarters at Rome, and that its members should concentrate themselves upon a close study of that city's purest buildings. In Rome rather than in Athens or in any other city of Europe would be found the best models of the style which in the view of the founders of the school is best qualified to nourish an architect's individuality. It needs to be reiterated, however, that in selecting Rome those founders had a far wider purpose in view than the emulation of one style. They desire above all that the student should submit himself to the broad inspiration of which Rome is the great central fact; the intention of the school is to fasten his mind upon the elements of symmetry, of synthetic art in some of its simplest expressions, which make the buildings of Rome what they are. In them you see architecture, painting, sculpture, co-operating in the production of one effect, all working in the grand style, all aiming at nobility of conception, largeness of execution, and that simple canon of perfect equilibrium which is at the root of beauty. It will have been noticed that painters and sculptors have been placed upon the managing committee. This looks to some special action in Rome on the part of those professions at some time in the future, but it is also the official announcement of that idea which lies at the base of the school's development, the idea that great architectural art is greatest when it employs all the arts in the evolution of a unit of design. That it is unity for which the school is to strive is a point made even more concisely by its adoption of the classic style. In presenting that as an ideal the school erects a standard of order, of balance, of simplicity. All these are qualities which are apprehended through the efforts of taste, imagination, refined judgment, delicate criticism, not through any hard and fast cultivation of narrow formulæ, and in being assisted to them the student will not be charged with the solution of elementary problems. He will not be admitted for that purpose. He will not only have learned the rudiments of his art long before his arrival in Rome, but he will not be accepted as a pupil unless he has won a scholarship in an American university, obtained an honorable mention in such an institution, or followed for two years the tuition at the École des Beaux-Arts. Coming to Rome well grounded in the elements of his art, he will make his study of old Italian buildings from the advanced student's point of view. His instructors will guide his investigations, but they will not fasten him down to any of the primitive questions of the schools.



PLAN OF THE CASINO DELL' AURORA AND ITS GROUNDS.



FAÇADE OF A SAVINGS-BANK.
Designed by John Russell Pope, winner of the Roman Scholarship.

A member of the American School of Architecture in Rome will make his working headquarters in a building well calculated to inspire him daily. When the school was opened last November it was located in a few rooms of the Palazzo Torlonia. Recently the managing committee has

secured far more imposing quarters. It has leased the Casino dell' Aurora, a building which once belonged to the Villa Ludovisi, and which stands to-day in an extensive enclosure, one of the largest on the Pincian Hill. The grounds equal in extent our own Gramercy Park, and are lifted some twenty feet above the neighboring thoroughfares. They were arranged under the supervision of Le Nôtre, and in their present perfect state of preservation they lend an enchanting environment to the Casino. The latter is itself a structure of some pretensions. The rooms are spacious, some of them are finely frescoed, and in one there exists a celebrated "Aurora" by Guercino. It is an *atelier* such as the warmest imagination would hardly depict, and it is the more stimulating to the mind when it is remembered that study there is expected to take none of the grinding directions which the young architect may be congratulating himself upon having just abandoned. On the contrary, as cannot be too forcibly or too frequently stated, the instructors will do all they can to make the student's labors inspiring, to make his stay in Rome a matter of high intercourse with high principles, so that in familiarizing himself with the great art of the past he will be subtly enriching his artistic nature, broadening his temperament, learning to appreciate the simplicity of great architecture, its dignity, its purity in all perfect exemplars of style, its loveliness as the expression of lofty ideals. By turning for a moment to the similar institutions long existent in Rome, to the schools of the French and Spanish governments, the aim of the incorporators of the American establishment will be seen in a clearer light. The winner of the *Prix de Rome*, coming from Paris or Madrid, whether he be painter, sculptor, architect, or musician, is supposed to have won his spurs at home, and he is asked to give an account of himself to the authorities only to the extent of certain occasional *envois*. What he is chiefly expected to do is to saturate himself in the Roman atmosphere, and by doing so to feed his imagination, give his genius a wider wing, in the end make his art more solid, more exalted, more enduring. It is exactly this that the American school will do. It cannot give the student a residence like the Villa Medici, or like that home so magnificently reared for Spanish students at the end of the Janiculum. It offers him the Casino dell' Aurora simply as a place of study, and it does not leave him quite as much to himself as the French school does or as the Spanish. But its instruction is all in the way of guidance; it aims to put the young architect on the right track in his survey of Italian buildings; and having put him there, not only to direct his course, but to point out to him the significance in his personal development of all the work he accomplishes. France and Spain do little more for their *Grand Prix* men save to house them and relieve them from financial responsibility—a matter of great importance, of course, but not at all to be considered in connection with the point at issue. That point is to see that while the student will have enjoyed every inch as much liberty as the most careless free lance in Rome, he will have profited during his sojourn by a continual aid in matters of taste, history, and so on, which that light-hearted individual would find priceless if he only knew. And the conditions under which this will have been obtained are not in the least appalling, the scholarship or the honorable mention which he must have won, as mentioned above, being an achievement which in most cases is his at the start.

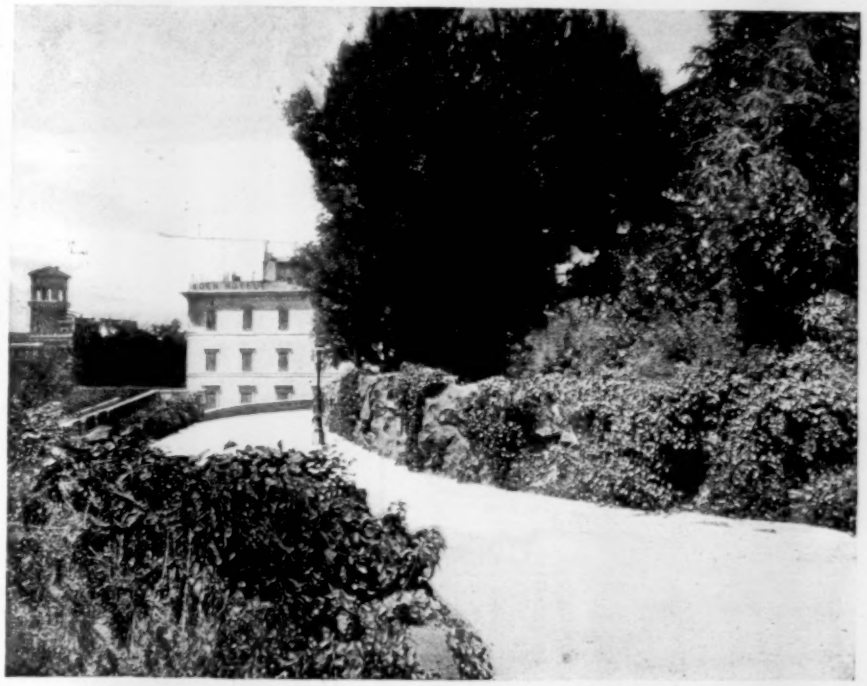
A ROOM IN THE CASINO DELL' AURORA.

ENTRANCE TO THE CASINO DELL' AURORA.

Graduation from the École des Beaux-Arts is also a matter which many students take as a fundamental necessity. The period of study at Rome, therefore, comes as an added touch, as an inspiration for which under any circumstances the architect would be grateful. For his special encouragement, too, there has been founded "The Roman Scholarship," a prize of $1500, which is to be awarded annually in a competition open to all architectural graduates, under thirty years of age, from Cornell University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Illinois, Columbia College, Syracuse University, or the University of Pennsylvania. It is also open to all American students who have worked for two years at the École des Beaux-Arts. The winner is required "to spend eighteen months in foreign travel and study, the greater part of which period will be spent, as a student of the American School in Rome, in Italy, Sicily, and Greece, and the remainder of the time as may be agreed upon between himself and the Executive Committee of the American School of Architecture in Rome."

To make this scheme even more admirable, it was arranged that in the competitions held this year for the Rotch Travelling Scholarship—a prize established in Boston independently of any institution—the Travelling Scholarship of the University of Pennsylvania, the McKim Fellowship at Columbia, and the Roman Scholarship, the problem set should be the same. A design for a savings-bank was demanded. Mr. John Russell Pope, of New York, won the Roman Scholarship the other day. He had already won the McKim prize at Columbia with the drawings which we reproduce in connection with these remarks. His victory, therefore, means more to him than any one triumph has heretofore meant to any winner of an architectural prize. It means more in practical advantages, in actual cash. It must mean more also in the profound sense of artistic growth, which can never be expressed in figures.

The school whose character and purpose have been outlined above will do much in the conservation and development of right architectural ideas in America. It will refine the taste of the younger men, and build up a tradition which, though primarily identified with the classic style, will make for good qualities and for beauty in every style. Restlessness and crudity will disappear under its serene influence. It will make architects more cultured, and thereby make their work richer in the permanent elements of universal art. The school will do much also for pictorial and plastic art, for archæology, for every artistic impulse, in fact, which finds its birth on these shores and seeks a stimulus in European fields. This has already been recognized in a formal way by the various professions to which allusion has been made. Archæologists have in contemplation an arrangement whereby they may utilize and strengthen the school. Painters and sculptors have in considerable number expressed a positive interest in the scheme, and are likely to take such steps as will in time secure for students in their spheres the same rewards and privileges as are now placed at the disposal of the architects. The mural decorators have embraced the idea with ardor. They know, the wisest of them know, that not all the teaching of modern Paris from Baudry down, not all the teaching of Venice from Titian to Tiepolo, can quite compare with the immortal lessons of the Stanze, of the Sistine Chapel, of the other shrines over which Raphael and Michael Angelo preside. It is hard to get some American artists to admit this, but the ultimate triumph of the Italian inspiration is scarcely a matter of doubt. It is destined to come because a high standard is impossible to dethrone; the beauty that traces its origin to a source of spiritual exaltation cannot be kept from its own by all the artistic powers of the universe, and it is such a beauty which reigns over Italian art and architecture. In placing themselves beneath its sway, the members of the American School of Architecture in Rome will fix themselves upon a foundation which sooner or later must serve for the substructure of all American art.



VIEW IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CASINO DELL' AURORA.

PLANTING ONIONS

FREE FARMING FOR THE POOR.

To Hazen S. Pingree, Mayor of Detroit, belongs the credit for a departure in philanthropy that promises notable results in the near future, namely, the conversion to the beneficial use of the idle poor of the vacant lands lying in and about our large cities. Since the hard times set in, two years ago, the problem of how best to care for the ever-growing army of the unemployed has been a strenuous and pressing one. Detroit has some 40,000 unskilled laborers, mostly foreigners with large families, and when in the spring of 1894 work failed and the situation became serious, it occurred to Mayor Pingree to utilize the idle lands in the outskirts of his city for cultivation by the poor in raising food for themselves.

A public appeal for support was promptly met, and a committee, headed by Captain C. A. Gardner, U. S. A., was appointed to carry out the project. About 430 acres were accepted from several thousand offered, ploughed, harrowed, and staked off by the committee into lots of one-quarter to one-half an acre each. Some 3000 applications were made for these lots, but, owing to a lack of funds, provision could be made for only 945 families. Each application was subject to rigid scrutiny, and only worthy persons with families were given aid. To these, seed-potatoes, beans, and other seeds were furnished, and the crops were planted, cultivated, and harvested by the people themselves, under the supervision of the committee, including some thirty lots assigned to widows, whose dependent half-grown boys cultivated the land.

With few exceptions, the plots were well cared for, the potato crop averaging about fifteen bushels per lot, or a total of some 14,000 bushels, while large quantities of beans, turnips, and other vegetables were raised and daily consumed, but of which no record was kept—the total product being sufficient to keep the people from want and idleness. The value of the crops produced was from $12,000 to $14,000, and this result was secured at a net cash outlay of less than $3600, raised by popular subscription. It was found that one-third of an acre of land is amply sufficient for a family to raise enough potatoes to last them through the winter and furnish vegetables for the summer, and a majority of the applicants were thus enabled, with what they could earn in other ways, to pass through the winter without having recourse to the poor authorities, and a large sum was also saved to the tax-payers.

"The success of the experiment," says the supervising committee in their final report, "silenced the croakers, and they were numerous. Poor people almost fought for a chance to get a piece of land to till, and those who were successful used their best efforts to obtain a full crop. The loss by theft was practically nothing—certainly not more than that of the average market gardener. The experiment has clearly demonstrated that many of the destitute are ready and willing to work; that a large number of these people can be supported by utilizing vacant lands in the outskirts of the city; that a very small space of ground is sufficient to raise enough vegetables to support a family through the winter; that a majority of those who own vacant lands would rather allow them to be cultivated by the poor than to pay a large tax for their support; and that the needy are thereby assisted without creating the demoralization in the habits of the people that gratuitous aid in other places always entails."

This season operations at Detroit are being conducted on a much more extensive scale, and already 600 acres have been offered, subdivided, and placed under cultivation. As was to be expected, the experiment commanded immediate and general attention. A dozen committees visited Detroit to investigate and report upon it, and this summer similar plans have been put in operation in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, Toledo, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other cities. At a meeting of the Conference of Charities of New York city, held February 20th, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor was requested and agreed to undertake the work in this city. Mr. William Steinway placed at the disposal of the committee having the matter in charge 300 acres in Long Island City; the Long Island Land Improvement Company gave the use of fifty acres, and Messrs. A. S. Hewitt and Morris Tuska contributed land in New York city. Thus far some forty-eight acres have been placed under cultivation in Long Island City, and quarter-acre allotments have been made to some seventy worthy applicants, all but two or three of whom are heads of families.

Women and children work side by side with the men in cultivating their plots, and often display more energy and enthusiasm than the latter. Seed-potatoes, onions, radishes, beans, pease, tomatoes, and cabbages have already been planted, and turnips will be put in later, the committee supplying the seed and the necessary fertilizers. Each allotment is numbered, and the holders are informed by mail when their plots need cultivation. Practical details are in charge of a superintendent, J. W. Kjelgaard, a gentleman in every way fitted for the task; and watchmen are employed to look after the grounds and give needed instruction to the laborers, a majority of whom are foreigners. Many of them are absolutely without means, and this has prompted the adoption of a co-operative system, by which each laborer is permitted to draw seventy-five cents if married and fifty cents if single for each day he is employed on his plot, the same to be deducted from the proceeds of his equitable proportion of the entire product of the land at the close of the season. These small cash advances are a boon to the laborers, who otherwise would find it a difficult matter to travel from their homes to the land and back, and they have been prompt to show their appreciation of the same. Indeed, all work with an industrious enthusiasm that promises well for the future. A large tract of land has also been placed at the disposal of the poor of Brooklyn, in the Twenty-sixth Ward of that city, and active operations under efficient direction have been in progress there for several weeks past.

It is, of course, too early to accurately predict the results of this novel and interesting experiment in New York city, but the success obtained in Detroit has clearly demonstrated that in every large city hundreds of families who would otherwise be a burden to the charitable and to the tax-payers can thus be made self-supporting at a very small outlay of time and money, and, what is more important still, habits of self-reliance and steady industry taught to those who need them most. Moreover, when it is remembered that a recent postal census has shown that there are 17,329 vacant lots (over 1000 acres) below West 145th Street and the Harlem River, it will be readily seen that nowhere else can the experiment be tested with greater thoroughness or on a broader scale than in New York city. The photographs with which this article is illustrated were taken in Long Island City.

RUFUS R. WILSON.

THIS FAMILY HAVE TAKEN A QUARTER-ACRE, AND ARE CUTTING POTATOES TO PLANT.

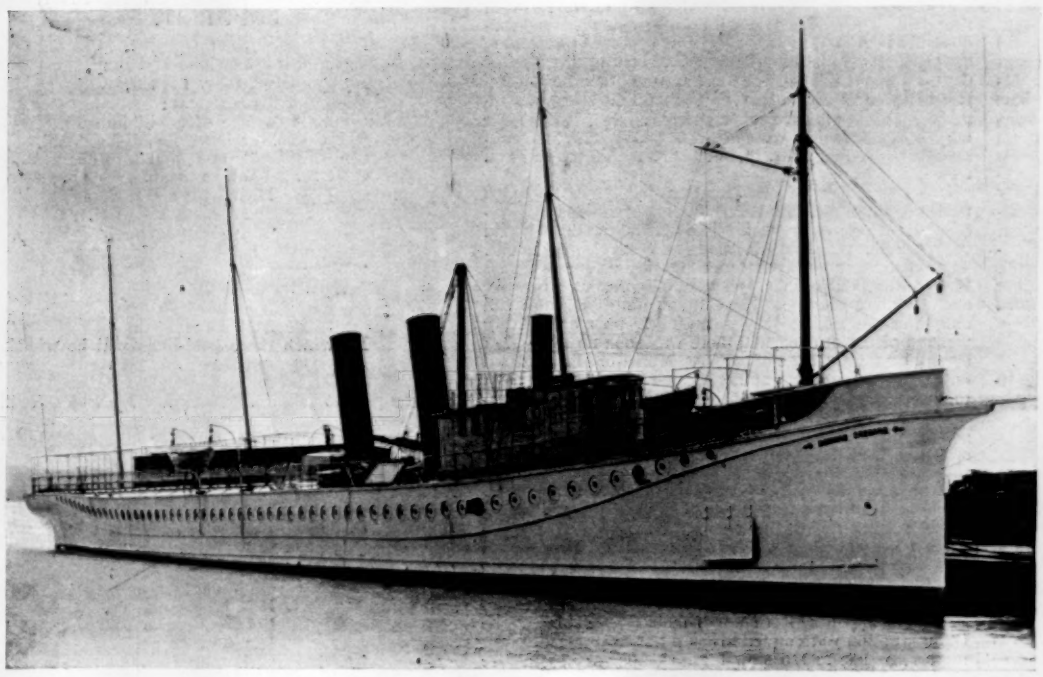
Instructor.

A LESSON IN PLANTING POTATOES.

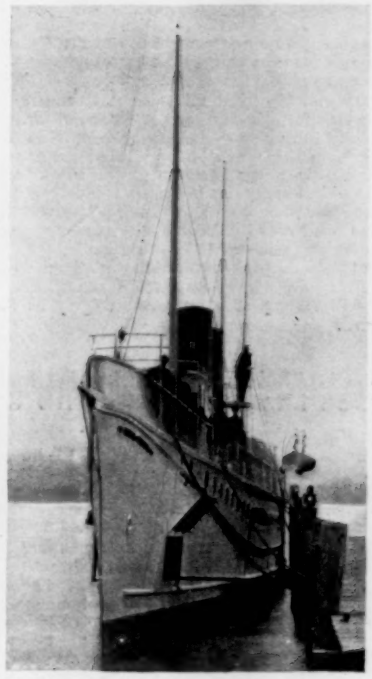
VOICES.

If thy dear voice were still, its music sweet
Would in my heart lost syllables repeat,
As the lithe sea-nymph's murmurs ever swell
In the lone bosom of the vacant shell.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



THE "HOWARD CASSARD," AN EXPERIMENTAL STEAMSHIP FOR FAST OCEAN TRAVELLING.



FRONT VIEW OF THE "HOWARD CASSARD."

A RAZOR-BACK SHIP.

LYING at a private wharf in Alexandria, Virginia, is a very remarkable ship. She is the first of a new type of vessel intended to revolutionize the ocean carrying trade. If the hopes of Mr. Fryer, the designer and builder of the ship, are realized, passengers will cross the Atlantic in three-fifths of the time now occupied by the "ocean greyhounds" of commerce.

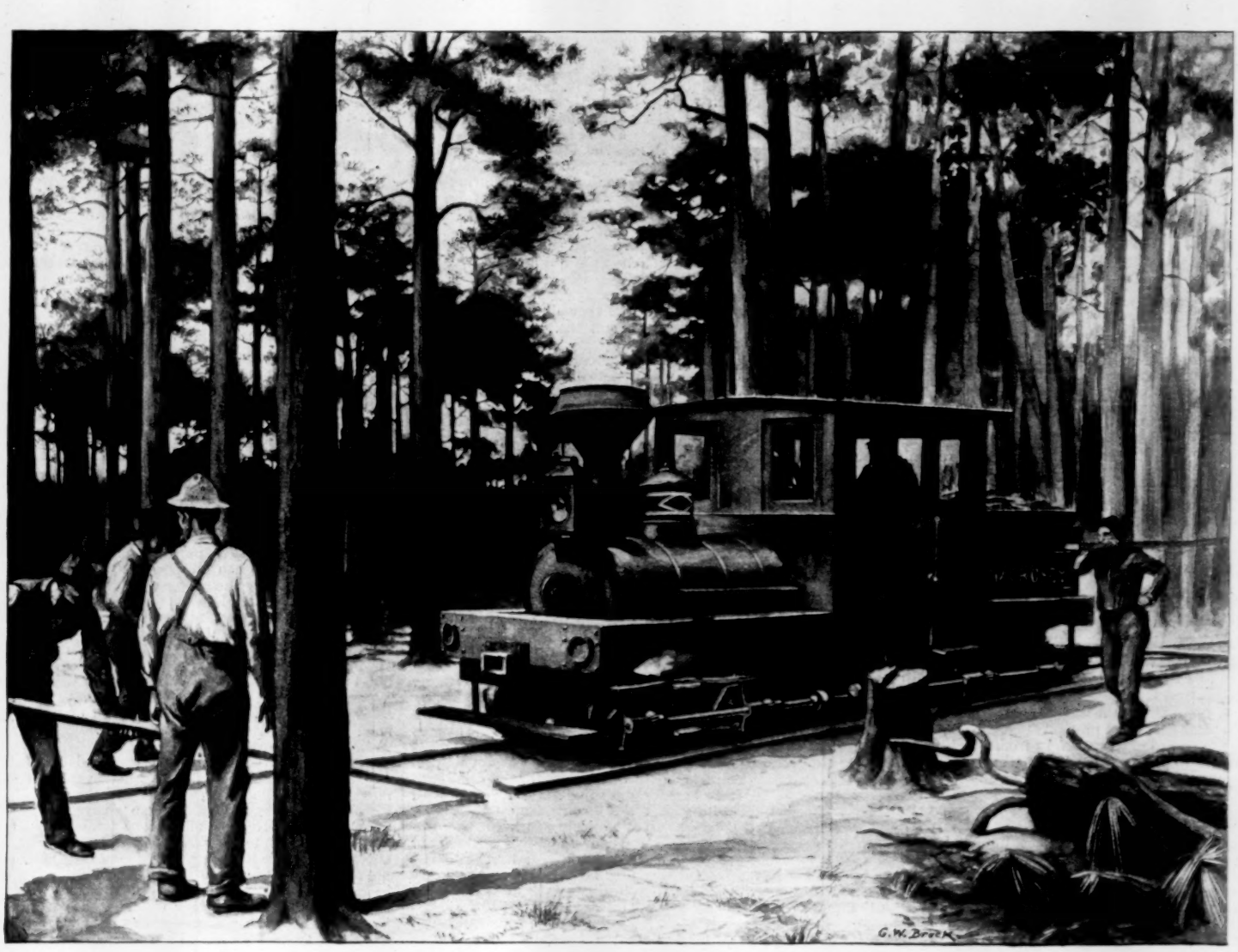
Mr. Fryer has sought to apply the palace-car idea to ocean travel. He has built a ship which while 222 feet long is only 16 feet beam. Its equilibrium is to be maintained by the heavy keel and by the 80,000 pounds of machinery below the water-line. The narrow prow of such a vessel will cut the water like a knife. Resistance will be reduced to a minimum. The heavy compact machinery will furnish ample power for the single screw, and the little razor-back vessel will cleave through the water at a rate of speed which will seem incredible at first. All of this, of course, if Mr. Fryer's hopes are realized. The vessel is to have a practical test in the lower Potomac River in a short time. Then the *Howard Cassard*, as the new ship is called, will be taken to New York. She is expected to go to New York in June.

The ship now approaching completion at Alexandria is built to four-tenths the scale of the full-sized ship. The transatlantic liner of this model will be 555 feet long, and she will be 40 feet beam. Measure 40 feet on a level piece of ground and you will get some idea how narrow the new ship will be. And from a greatest breadth of 40 feet she will taper to almost nothing.

Of course, with such a vessel the carrying of freight would be out of the question. There is a main-deck, a cabin-deck, and the hold. And the hold is quite filled with machinery. The upper deck is only a promenade, and the cabin-deck is so narrow that there is not space between the walls of the ship for even so luxurious a cabin as some private yachts contain. Such a thing as a general cabin would be out of the question. This narrow space has been utilized in part by the construction of single state-rooms on each side, a narrow aisle running down the middle of the ship. The remaining space is to be divided up like a sleeping-car. Adjustable berths, upper and lower, will be concealed during the day, and each "section" will be supplied with handsomely upholstered seats. In these sections meals will be served from a galley in the hold, on small tables, just as they are served in a buffet-car. There will be a toilet-room for men at one end of the ship, and a toilet-room for women at the other. When night comes the seats in the sections will be transformed into beds, the upper berths will be let down if they are needed, and each section will be screened from the aisle by portières. In running to tropical countries the new vessels will carry a certain quantity of fine fruit, and two of the section spaces will be given up to refrigerators.

I stood on the cabin-deck floor of the *Howard Cassard* the other day when the machinery directly beneath was running and the screw at the stern was churning the waters of the Potomac. There was no perceptible vibration. And this floor has not been carpeted yet. It is to be covered with felt, canvas, and heavy carpet. The upper-deck floor will be covered in the same way, and an awning will run from one end of the ship to the other, covering this deck when needed.

The officers of the Navy Department at Washington



A NOVEL RAILWAY IN SOUTH FLORIDA.—DRAWN BY G. W. BRECK.—[SEE PAGE 557.]

are watching the experiment with interest. It is likely that the Chief Engineer of the navy will send some one to witness the trials for the information of the department.

It is the intention at present to put the *Howard Cassard* in service between the United States and Honduras; and Mr. Fryer's idea is to establish a daily service between this country and Central and South American points. The run to Honduras from Charlotte Harbor, Florida (the most southerly harbor on the coast reached by a railroad), can be made in thirty-five hours, if the *Howard Cassard* is a success. Mr. Fryer hopes to put on ships built to five-tenths scale, twenty feet beam, for this daily service. Fifty passengers a day would pay such a line very handsomely, and Mr. Fryer thinks that fifty passengers can be had. For service to the great South American ports he proposes to put on a vessel 555 feet over all and 40 feet beam. However, all of these things are in the future. Whether they will develop or not depends largely on the *Howard Cassard*.

SECONDARY LESSONS IN NAVAL WARFARE LEARNED FROM THE GREAT YALU FIGHT.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo, in his recent address at the opening of the Naval War College at Newport, said that the officers of our navy had sent to the Department a great amount of "interesting and accurate information" regarding naval warfare as they had seen it in the Japan-Chinese naval battles, and that this information would prove a most valuable addition to the archives of the navy. Prompt reports of the famous battle of the Yalu River were sent at once, and the broad lessons to be learned from them were at once made known. It was found, for instance, that practically an overpowering force of cruisers could not cope successfully with a small force of battle-ships. It was also found that the chief destruction in the Chinese fleet was due to the presence of wood in the vessels, three of the five they lost in the battle having been burned out, causing them to sink.

Additional details of this great fight are now being received, and many of the more specific lessons to be learned are being pointed out and made a matter for future study in the building and the manipulation of war-vessels. Some of this information has come to our naval authorities confidentially from foreign officers who participated in the fight. One of the most distinguished of these officers recently sent to a personal friend in our navy an exhaustive *résumé* of his experience in the battle of the Yalu and his study of its results. He not only confirms the danger resulting from wood-work in war-ships, and the desirability of having battle-ships as fighting-machines instead of cruisers, but he has added some interesting information that soon after the battle was not made prominent. He notes that in the entire battle not one marine engine on either side was injured. It is notable also that although the best four cruisers in the Japanese navy fought the two Chinese battle-ships for four hours continuously, the armor of the battle-ships was not pierced. The Japanese used rapid-fire guns chiefly, it is true, but one of the lessons of the fight was that rapid-fire guns were more effective by far than the large rifles which can be loaded and discharged only two or three times a minute.

Another result of great importance noted was the fact that after a short time of fighting all the signal halyards on both fleets were shot away, and no method of signalling was left to the admirals. This will undoubtedly cause a study to be made of some new method of signalling in action. The presence of torpedoes was also a source of great danger on board the Chinese vessels. The Japanese made the war-heads of the torpedoes a special target with their rapid-fire guns, and the Chinese found it necessary to discharge the torpedoes as soon as possible to escape destruction by means of their own ammunition. When the fires began to burn fiercely on some of the Chinese vessels it was found that there was no means of flooding the compartments where the torpedo war-heads were stored preliminary to being brought into action. This was an added source of danger, and it became necessary to throw the torpedoes overboard at once. It is probable, as a result of this, that further improvements will be necessary in the construction of war-ships to avoid such danger in action.

It was also found that boats are useless in time of action. When the shots struck them great splinters went flying about the decks, injuring scores of men and diminishing the effectiveness of the fighting force. It has been found that if boats are to be kept on board modern war-ships during a fight, the best way to care for them is to hang them outside the hull, as near as possible to the water. The flying splinters in that case strike against the sides of the ship, and do not injure the crew.

It is notable also that during the entire engagement no conning-towers were struck, and it is also a matter of considerable comment by those officers who have made reports that the captains of the ships did not use the conning-towers except at very close range. The admirals on both sides have said that they could not have manœuvred their fleets from the conning-towers. The officers, like the men, fought practically in the open.

It is noticeable also that hundreds of shots, especially from the rapid-fire guns, went wide of the mark. The rigging was struck almost as frequently as the hulls of the vessels. In one foretop on a Chinese ship were an officer and five men. A shell struck the top, and all in the top were killed outright except one man. It has been discovered that most of the shots which struck the tops were ricochet shots, and it is probable that some device will be sought to provide greater safety from this kind of shots. In the preparation for the battle the Chinese seemed to take more precautions than the Japanese. Everything movable was sent ashore, and sand in bags was stowed around the smoke-stacks. The Japanese could send very few movable things ashore, but they put in operation a new idea to avoid fatalities from splinters. They formed huge screens from hawsers, and hung these near the guns to catch the flying bits of wood. The device was unusually successful.

But, after all, the great lesson to be learned from the fight is the necessity of combined fleet action and complete discipline. Mr. McAdoo declared at Newport that the recent manœuvres of the United States squadron in the West Indies were of incalculable benefit to our navy. He said that henceforth it would be the policy of the Navy Department to exercise every ship of the navy in fleet drill. The Japanese in the Yalu fight manœuvred successfully in fleet formation, and the Chinese vessels were simply helpless in strategy because of lack of this kind of drill. Two of the Chinese vessels were cut off from the rest of the fleet in the very first move that the Japanese made, and two other vessels actually ran away when their officers saw that they were about to be cut off. The Japanese also fired very slowly, but with a regularity that told tremendously.

It is also worthy of consideration that the battle lasted until the ammunition, especially among the Japanese vessels, was almost exhausted. The battle had been divided in two parts. The first consisted of a general engagement. The Japanese vessels circled about the Chinese vessels three times, and each vessel hit an opponent whenever and wherever possible. The Chinese simply had to stand and take the raking they got. Their plan of fighting went to pieces at once, and there was soon no method of signalling for a change of tactics. Numerous fires started on the Japanese ships, and it became necessary for them to withdraw to put out the fires. This they did with system, and in accordance with a prearranged plan. Then a change in tactics was adopted. The best four ships were sent to attack the two Chinese ironclads, and the rest of the fleet went at the same kind of promiscuous fighting that they had engaged in during the first part of the fight. For four hours the four cruisers fought the two battle-ships, and then, when the ammunition was about exhausted, they had to withdraw. It was more a drawn battle than a victory for the Japanese, the foreign officers say, because the Japanese were the first to quit, notwithstanding the fact that the Chinese had lost five of their seventeen vessels. The Japanese lost none of their twelve ships. The Chinese actually attempted to chase the Japanese fleet, but their vessels were too slow for that, and they soon were glad to withdraw from the possibility of further action.

Among the minor lessons learned, therefore, in this fight are that torpedoes are a source of great danger to the vessel that carries them; and that to be most effective they should be used on torpedo-boats; that the protective decks accomplish their work successfully, and protect the engines from serious danger; that the conning-towers are practically useless for manœuvring a fleet; that small boats should either be sent ashore or lowered far down the sides of the ship during action; that modern war-ships can fight successfully until the ammunition is exhausted; that there is great danger to men in the fighting-tops from ricochet shots; and that a new method of signalling should be adopted. Among the great lessons emphasized are that wood-work must be abolished as far as possible in all war-ships, and that the necessity for fleet drill is paramount in naval warfare.

A CLUB-RUN LUNCHEON.

Bicycling has opened out a new field even for those people to whom the Park, the Boulevard, and the Riverside Drive were fairly familiar. Driving somehow seemed to have such a soporific effect upon owners of their own traps that the beauties of the landscape were so much a matter of course that they never noticed them at all, but when bicycling the same territory seems to be an utterly different place, and to possess charms and beauties never dreamed of before. All through the winter months the more venturesome spirits found many days when it was possible to wheel out-of-doors, but not until the roads were in good condition did the world at large turn out *en masse*.

The Michaux Club, New York's fashionable bicycle organization, which was so eminently successful through the winter, started club runs last autumn. And these same club runs have been a decided social feature of New York life this spring. The favorite club run has been to Claremont, where the party has stopped for luncheon, returning to the club any time during the afternoon. It is comparatively a short distance from the Michaux Club, Fifty-fourth Street and the Boulevard, to Claremont. But while many of the women who belong to the club ride uncommonly well, they are not yet equal to long distances, and Claremont is quite far enough for most of them. The start is generally made at twelve o'clock, at least that is the time named, but it is generally fully half an hour later before they all get together and really get started. They mount their wheels at Fifty-second Street and the Boulevard, go through Fifty-second Street to Eighth Avenue, and from there either through the Park or on the Boulevard to 104th Street, where the first cobbles, or rather Belgian blocks, are encountered in the short blocks between the Boulevard and Riverside. From there up it is even wheeling in spite of the long hill before the restaurant is reached.

It a very amusing to watch the different bicyclists as they appear in sight. Some are very tired, others as fresh as if they had just started. A long row of racks is provided, and the attendants come forward and take the wheels and put them in the racks, just as the horses used to be taken care of before they went so wofully out of fashion. The owners of the wheels seem to be just as anxious about the welfare of their steeds, and give quite as many orders as when they had horses to be rubbed down and cooled off.

Luncheon is served on the piazza from where the view up and down the river is the best. The beauties of the Hudson and of the surrounding country, which looks peculiarly attractive in its new spring costume, receive all the admiration they deserve. There is no set time for leaving Claremont, and the party really breaks up there, some preferring to go home by themselves, others in parties of twos and threes. There is an air of informality about it all which seems strange. People sit on the piazzas as they would in the country, and from time to time greet their friends who may be wheeling up to or down from Yonkers. There is no distinctive costume or uniform worn. The men as a rule are in light suits made with knickerbockers and sack-coats; soft hats, light shoes, and fancy bicycle stockings complete their rig. The women wear very inconspicuous gowns of serge, cheviot, or tweed, made with skirt reaching to the ankles, short coats or shirt-waists as the case may be, leggings to match the costumes, and tan or patent-leather shoes; broad-brimmed sailor or Homburg cap with dark gauze veil is the headgear universally worn. They look trim and neat and well gotten up for the sport. Altogether bicycling in New York and bicycle luncheons have been quite the feature of this spring of 1895.

THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT POPULIST.

It was an ancient populist,
His beard was long and gray,
And punctuated by his fist,
He had his little say:
"This is the age of gold," he said,
"'Tis gold for butter, gold for bread,
Gold for bonds and gold for fun;
Gold for all things 'neath the sun.
Then with a smile
He shook his head.
"Just wait awhile,"
He slyly said.
"When we get in and run the State
We'll tackle gold, we'll legislate.
We'll pass an act
And make a fact
By which these gold-bugs will be whacked
Till they're as cold
As is their gold.
We're going to make a statute law by which 'twill be decreed
That standards are abolished, for a standard favors greed.
This is the country of the free, and free this land shall be
As soon as we the 'people' have our opportunity,
And he who has to pay a bill
Can pay in whate'er suits his will.
The tailor? Let him take his coats
And pay his notes;
Or if perchance
He's long on pants,
Let trousers be
His £. *s. d.*
The baker? Let his landlord take
His rent in cake,
Or anything the man can bake.
And if a plumber wants a crumb,
He may unto the baker come
And plumb.
A joker needing hats or cloaks
Can go and pay for them with jokes,
And so on: what a fellow's got
Shall pay for things that he has not.
If beggars' rags were cash, you'd see
No longer any beggary;
In short, there'd be no poverty."
"A splendid scheme," quoth I; "but stay!
What of the nation's credit, pray?"
"Ha-ha! ho-ho!" he loudly roared.
"We'll leave that problem to the Lord.
And if He fails to keep us straight
Once more we'll have to legislate,
And so create,
Confounding greed,
As much of credit as we need."

John Kendrick Bangs.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Dr. Parkhurst is a bold man, and not at all afraid to express his opinion on any subject, however it may antagonize the views of others. No clamor of politicians has terrors for him. No assurance of the hopelessness of any effort or plan has weight enough to dissuade him from it. When the tempest bursts upon him he merely wraps himself all the tighter in the cloak of his determination. He does not often need sympathy, but he has lately brought down upon himself a critic of such gentle and sagacious methods that it seems possible that he may find himself in an unaccustomed condition of embarrassment. Writing recently about womankind, the Doctor recorded his conviction that "whatever certain adventurous women may think about it," nature has constructed woman on such a plan that "any feminine attempt to mutiny against wifehood, motherhood, and domestic 'limitations' is a hopeless and rather imbecile attempt to escape the inevitable." This deliverance came to the knowledge of Miss Frances Willard, and she has written him an open letter about it.

The Doctor must blush when he reads Miss Willard's reproaches. If she had abused him it would have been nothing. But she so sorrows over him as a good man gone wrong, and so laments that such a champion should have been the victim of such a misapprehension of the progressive woman and her aims in life, that any less resolute doctor than Dr. Parkhurst must have shut himself up in the cellar of his church and taken to bread and water and repentance. All that the progressive woman wants, Miss Willard says, is to wear clothes as comfortable as men's clothes, and to have an open path before her to such development, such opportunities, and such rights and protection "as can only come to those who have a voice in making the laws by which they are governed." It appears, then, that bloomers (if she likes them) and the suffrage are all the progressive woman asks for. Bloomers she can step into nowadays whenever it suits her convenience, so that the real issue between Miss Willard and Dr. Parkhurst is whether women shall vote. If Dr. Parkhurst believes in woman suffrage he can easily appease Miss Willard, but if he doesn't he must leave her unconsoled, sore trial as that must be to him or to any good man.

General Lew. Wallace, who was appointed one of a board to finish a two-hundred-thousand dollar soldiers' monument at Indianapolis, has not accepted the appointment, because of his dissatisfaction with the monument as far as it has gone. He finds all sorts of faults with it: says it was designed to be a military structure and isn't; wants to take down the bronze statue of Indiana from the top of it; wants to substitute statues for most of those selected; denies Governor Morton's effigy a place on the monument, and desires other changes. He has definite ideas of what such a monument as Indianapolis aspires to should be, and wishes to see them carried out. His criticisms and suggestions have stirred up much opposition and some resentment. Without venturing any opinion

on the merits of them, it is safe to say that he has done good service in bringing the monument under discussion and making the Indianapolis people consider what their soldiers' monument ought to be. Usually such matters are left to a committee, the members of which are very meagrely qualified for their job. Some incompetent imposes his designs on them, and is intrusted with the work, with painful and afflicting results. Whether General Wallace's ideas about the Indianapolis monument are carried out or not, the monument, if not too nearly completed already, is likely to be a gainer by his criticisms. If more men had been willing to say disagreeable things to their neighbors about soldiers' monuments, perhaps the great army of military memorials with which the land is dotted might be more worthy of the dead and more creditable to the living.

There is a cry now and then for cleaner paper money, and not long ago there was a rumor that the Treasury proposed to do better by us in the way of providing us with clean bills. Whether it tried or not does not appear, but certainly our money is not clean yet. The owner of a big department store in a Western city took a notion the other day that he would give his customers clean money in change. So he bought two thousand one-dollar bills, and one morning he filled the money-drawers of his cashiers with them. The money had not been in use half an hour before the head cashier applied for help in making change, and said he would have to have another assistant if clean money was used. The new bills, it seems, are stiff, and it is slower work to handle them than to handle old bills that have been lubricated by use. Bank-of-England notes, which are almost always clean and fresh, are so thin that it is probably easy to handle them even when they are new. But it would seem that there are practical objections to new greenbacks, even if they could be furnished.

After all the expenses of the recent Boston testimonial to the author of "America" were paid, surplus funds remained to the amount of $1600. The committee, after due consideration, determined that the best use that the money could be put to would be to send it to Dr. Smith. So that was done, and the money was acknowledged by the venerable gentleman as a "token of appreciation highly grateful to my feelings."

Lovers of light verse all know, or ought to know, the verses of the late Frederick Locker, who edited *Lyra Elegantiarum*, and was himself the author of some of the most charming instances of *vers de société* that have been written in English. He married the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, and after that gentleman's death added the name of Lampson to his own name. When he died, May 28th, he was seventy-four years old. It is interesting to learn that he was born in 1821, the same year as Praed. Praed, Dobson, Calverley, and Locker made up a quartet whose deliverances are very reasonably the delight and perhaps the despair of appreciative young people who play at making poetry. Locker, Dobson, and Praed had taste and the light touch in perfection. Their verses are echoes of the springtime of life in English society. Their fancies were the fancies of fortunate youths who had brains and civilization, and time to play and to be in love and to go a-courting, and to let fly their cheerful missiles at Folly as she flew. Calverley was something different, a man of greater genius than the others; a man of power who chose to play at poetry, and in his play contrived to give the impression that if it had been his whim to work at it he might have done great things. What he did do no one else could have done. The other three had peers—were peers, perhaps, of one another. Edward Fitzgerald, for one, is fit to rank with either of them in the quality of some of his verses. But no one ranks with Calverley.

> "To be young, handsome, twenty-two,
> With nothing else on earth to do
> But all day long to bill and coo,"

and to lie around in the sunshine and absorb experiences, and write pleasant rhymes about them, "it were a pleasant calling," as Thackeray suggests. Every year hundreds of youth in England and America find themselves masters of the necessary leisure and fitted with the right environment to practise it; and so many of them do practise at it that the wonder is that, out of the multitude who are called, such a scrimped minority are chosen, and that first-rate light verse is so scarce.

As if Lord Rosebery had not had troubles enough, what must the poor gentleman do but win the Derby again this year, thereby, some reports say, reviving the clamor against him among the more serious Liberals as a horse-racing peer. On this side of the water, at least, his victory of this year has not made a tithe of the noise that followed the patter of Ladas's flying hoofs last season, and the chances are that a twice-told tale falls a little flat even in England.

The *Chapbook* observes that the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE seems to be winning favor, but that that, after all, is no test (of its merit), because "the name of the Maid of Orleans, potent again as it was in the stormy days of her triumphs, would at this moment carry any novel."

Oh, come, *Chapbook*, that won't do! To tell an old, old story so that it is news, and not only news but literature, is a considerable feat, and it does not really detract from it to say that the story is uncommonly popular just now in France, and that "whatever touches the nerve of France is felt instantly through the intellectual world."

The "Cotton States and International Exhibition," which opens at Atlanta on September 18th, is to include an art gallery among its allurements, as every modern exposition must. Provision has been made for the erection of a beautiful Renaissance art building, with a large gallery at each end, and floor space in the centre for sculpture. Mr. Horace Bradley has charge of the Department of Fine Arts in connection with the exposition, and sailed for Europe a fortnight ago to look after its interests. The development of the South as a market for pictures is still in its infancy, and it is very reasonably expected that the Fine Arts Department of the Atlanta Fair will do much to advance it.

States that have whipping-posts or use flogging as part of their penal system are fortunately equipped for the treatment of bicyclists who run over people and then scurry off on their machines without apology or confession of identity. Such persons, when caught, might be materially benefited as to their manners by a few timely lashes well laid on. It is the sort of punishment which suits their contemptible offence. The newspapers tell of creatures who run over little children, leave them where they fall, and whiz away without a word. As a means of evading responsibility for carelessness the bicycle beats legs, horseflesh, or any contrivance hitherto invented, though cases are recorded, and not infrequently, where the bicyclist is the victim, and is knocked down by careless boors in wagons, who straightway whip up their nags and disappear.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE WAY OF LOVE.

A-WALKING she went; and the day it was fine.
Butterflies sprinkled the air;
The thicket bird gave forth a song most divine;
The flowers were fragrant and fair.
She watched the bright butterflies, heard the bird's song,
And breathed in the flowers' sweet scent.
All this was as slow she was walking along,
Her thoughts on the glad world bent.
Ah, it was a day to be never forgot!
Ever in thought to abide!
Yet soon for birds, butterflies, buds, she cared not—
Somebody walked by her side.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A NEW RACE IN OLD EGYPT.

THE discoveries made by M. de Morgan in 1894 at the Necropolis of Dahshur were fully described in HARPER'S WEEKLY of June 23d of last year.

During the first months of this year the same explorer has brought to light new objects from the mastabahs, or low tombs, on the same ground. The jewelry just discovered far exceeds in beauty of design and excellence of execution the first found. Supposably the ornaments belonged to ladies of the highest station, whose mortal remains were placed in these tombs two centuries before the birth of Abraham. The Pyramid of Dahshur, according to Professor Flinders Petrie, belongs to the time of Usertesen III., and the date is about 2660 to 2622 B.C.

What is, however, absolutely novel to Egyptologists is a recent discovery, made by Mr. Quibell and Professor Flinders Petrie, of a new race, inhabiting a large portion of the country, over an extent of one hundred miles, between Abydos and Negada. Over 2000 graves have been opened so far, and the mortal remains found, with the various objects, open an entirely new field of research.

Side by side with the graves of this new race are the well-known vestiges of Egyptian towns, with the pottery, heads, scarabs, of the IVth, XIIth, XVIIIth, and XIXth dynasties, "exactly," as Professor Flinders Petrie writes, "like those found similarly dated in Northern Egypt." Here, however, is the strange anomaly. There is no object found in these graves which is like anything manufactured by the Egyptians. There is not a sign of a scarab, or has there been found on vase, amulet, or bead the trace of a hieroglyphic character. All the pottery is made by hand, and "the wheel was unknown."

The bodies found in the grave were not mummified, and the methods of burial bear no semblance to Egyptian customs. Mutilation of the dead was carried out, for in the same grave there are skulls separated from the rest of the bodies. One marked peculiarity is that the human bones are "broken open at the ends and scooped out." This treatment, Professor Flinders Petrie says in the *Academy*, "certainly points to ceremonial anthropophagy." At first it might have looked like a cannibalistic tendency.

From a study of the remains, it seems to be positive that they belonged to a tall and powerful race, having a hooked nose, long pointed beard, and brown wavy hair. There were no negro resemblances. Supposably the people were allied to the Libyans and Amorites.

In Professor Flinders Petrie's volume on Egypt he notes the scarcity of flint implements in Egypt. He supposes that as the early races followed the course of the Nile, such stone tools as they used must lie buried in the Nile mud. In these graves flint tools of elaborate make and perfect finish were found, and with them copper tools. There were harpoons of copper, shaped like those that primitive races make out of bone. It is believed that such flint implements as are now found in museums, coming from Egypt, must have been made by these people. It is the isolation of these people in the middle of Egyptian civilization which is so remarkable.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

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A Request

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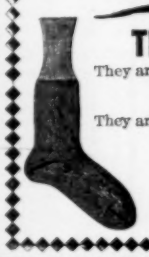

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THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

AMATEVR SPORT

THE "ALL-AROUND" YACHT.

A SEARCH FOR THE IDEAL.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

THE whole history of yachting shows no contrast more striking, and in some ways absurd, than that offered in this country in the seasons of 1893 and 1894. In the former year yachtsmen, abroad as well as at home, were in a state of excited curiosity over a quartet of the largest and costliest racing-yachts ever put afloat; a few months later and the most exciting event of American yachting was the racing of a fleet of little boats, of 21-feet water-line, and small even for that length. In the absence of sustained racing through the season in a series of permanent racing classes, it does not do to find fault with anything which gives sport and affords even a temporary excitement; and, so far as they furnished a marked addition to the limited racing of last season, the 21-footers must be set down as a success. It is, however, no secret that the class failed to realize the expectations of its projectors in one important particular—in giving a popular class, with an all-around average of

"AUDAX" UNDER YAWL RIG.

good qualities, rather than a few sailing-machines of high cost combined with a very brief racing life, after which the boats are of little value. Far from being discouraged, however, with this experiment, the Larchmont men are again at work on a second attempt on a larger scale, and though the difficulties are even greater, there is reason to believe that good and permanent results will follow by the end of next season.

That great advances have been made of recent years in design, construction, and equipment is quite as incontestable as the converse proposition, that these very improvements have developed to a dangerous extreme the more undesirable features of yachting; the dark side being the limited racing life—two seasons at most—and, by reason of extreme draught, limited accommodation, and the predominance of purely speed considerations in both design and construction, the comparative uselessness of these very costly craft for any other purpose save match-sailing. The idea that, under existing conditions, any rule can be devised which will produce a satisfactory combination of racer and cruiser has been abandoned by all well-informed yachtsmen; and the whole course of discussion and legislation of late years shows that the clubs are not yet willing to risk the imposing of restrictions which may in any way hinder the development of the highest possible speed under the normal conditions of summer match-sailing. At the same time it is only too plain that the sacrifice of all other qualities to speed, with the increased cost of building, and the certainty of being speedily outbuilt, is lessening the proportionate number of owners of modern sailing-craft. It is no reflection on the progress of design to state (what most yachtsmen will agree with) that the interests of racing and of yachting at large prospered better some six years since, when such craft as *Iroquois*, *Volunteer*, *Titania*, *Katrina*, *Pappoose*, *Baboon*, and *Minerva* were to the fore, than it does at the present time. It is, however, clearly impossible to restore these types by any changes of a general measurement rule, so far as those unlimited racing classes are concerned, which must always exist as long as racing shall flourish.

Those arguments which stand against any sweeping legislation designed to hinder the development of speed, or to hamper the up-to-date racer in the effort to make a satisfactory cruiser as well, do not, however, apply to the creation of special classes, even under severe restrictions, intended to meet certain local wants; and there are many instances where such classes have proved successful abroad. It is in this direction that the Larchmont Yacht Club is now working, leaving the purely racing development to itself, but striving to establish by means of special legislation one particular class which all experience has shown to be a desirable one.

The essential requirements in an all-around yacht may be taken as a fair average of speed, accommodation, and durability on a moderate cost of both construction and running, with such additional limitations as shall prevent the early outclassing of the boats by newer ones of very light construction and higher power.

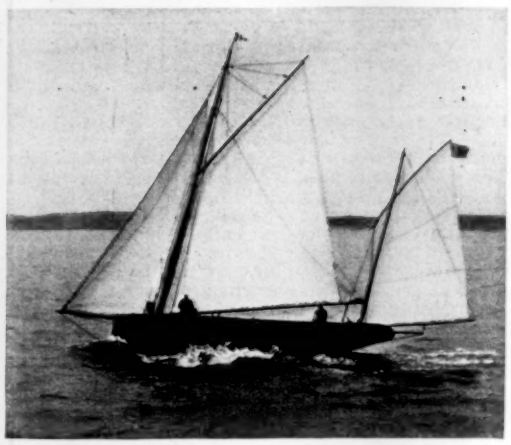
As the most desirable class for an experiment of this nature, the 30-foot naturally presents itself as the smallest size suitable for long cruises, while its popularity has long since been recognized both about New York and Boston. In any craft large enough to be dignified by the title of cruising-yacht, as distinguished from canoe yawls and single-handers, the accommodations should include four different divisions—crew space, main cabin, owner's room, and toilet; when steamers and large craft are considered, a fifth item—of guests' space—may be added; but in no case can the essentials of a well-appointed cruising-yacht be reduced below the four first mentioned. How these may be obtained in a hull of moderate draught and power, and yet of fair speed, is the problem that has engaged the special committee of the Larchmont Yacht Club.

The old type of centreboard sloop offers nothing in the way of a solution; its advantages were initial stability, a very light draught, and a large roomy cockpit; among its many disadvantages were its liability to capsize, its large and clumsy sail plan, and, in spite of a high cabin trunk, the limited extent and very poor quality of the accommodation. Even with a water-line of forty feet and over, the forecastle was a dark and stuffy hole, with barely space to stow the crew in, without light and air, and entirely unfit either to accommodate the crew or to serve for the preparation of food. The balance of the accommodation consisted of one large room under the cabin-house, limited in height both under the house and in the wings under the deck, and, being divided by the large centreboard trunk, it became to all purposes two very narrow rooms, with long and wide lockers, used for beds, but with very limited floor space. While the crew huddled up forward as best they could, the owner and his friends lived, ate, and slept in the other apartment, the cabin, with the large cock-pit as a refuge in good weather. It is true that by dint of shake-downs on the floors and in the wings a very large party often slept aboard; but the yachtsman of to-day is not considered over-fastidious because he disdains this overcrowding of a small boat, and even in a 30-footer seeks only to accommodate himself and one or two friends comfortably and conveniently.

Passing to the companion type of the old sloop, the narrow cutter, very different qualities are found. The limited deck-room, the small cockpit, and the lack of initial stability were serious disadvantages, especially from an American point of view; but, on the other hand, the boat was fast under a small sail plan, and gave such accommodations as were never dreamed of in the centreboard sloop. With a flush deck and low skylight, there was still sufficient head-room for a man of average height to stand erect, even in the forecastle, which was not only well lighted and aired, but large enough to be kept clean, and to give space for the galley as well as decent living quarters for the men. Though limited in breadth, the same as each half of the centreboarder's cabin, the cabin of the cutter was lofty and roomy, with length for two separate apartments. With all the drawbacks due to limited beam, the type had much to recommend it in point of living accommodation combined with speed; and when it was introduced into this country, about 1880, with the important modification of a couple of feet more beam, the result was a very fine little cruiser. No better examples of the two types of narrow and moderate cutters can be found than *Spankadillo*, designed by her owner, Captain Henry E. Bayly, in 1882, and *Rajah*, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, of New York, for Mr. James G. Beecher, of New Haven. *Rajah*, it is true, has the advantage of 32-feet water-line; but even on this length her accommodations are exceptional—good head-room, roomy forecastle, a main cabin, toilet-room, and after-cabin or state-room.

"RAJAH" UNDER CUTTER RIG.

The largest 30-footer ever built was the cutter *Kathleen*, designed by Gardner in 1889, a craft of unusual beam, depth, and power, and with an amount of accommodation previously unknown on this length—a large forecastle, a very wide and roomy cabin, and a good after-state-room. Her speed as a racing-craft, as well as her ability as a cruiser, has been proved beyond question in six years of service; but her very large sail plan, and the crew necessary to handle it, make the type an undesirable one for the purpose under discussion. Others of the same class—the Burgess cutters *Saracen*, *Rosalind*, and *Fancy*—of less power, have come nearer to the ideal all-around 30-footer; but within a couple of years the whole class has had to give way in racing before the more modern fin-keel.



"RAJAH" UNDER YAWL RIG.

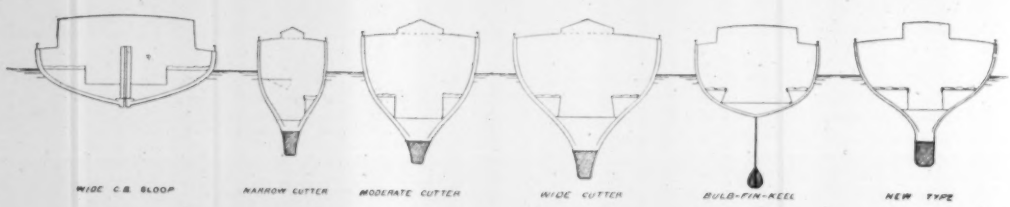
The characteristics of this last type have been so fully discussed of late that they need no detailed description: great speed, with a moderate sail plan, but great draught of water; good sea-boats and pleasant to sail in; safe from capsize, but very limited in internal accommodation, and necessarily of expensive construction. The exponents of the fin type have been thus far built for racing; but that it has certain possibilities for the cruiser as well is shown in the Herreshoff *Handsel*, a 30-foot fin, in which, by the employment of a rather high cabin-house, good room is obtained in the middle of the boat, the cabin, though very limited forward.

Of all the above types the one coming nearest to the ideal average of speed, safety, accommodation, and moderate cost of construction and running is the wide cutter of less power than *Kathleen*; such craft as were found about Marblehead in 1887–8, but which have long since, under the strain of unrestricted racing, given place, first, to similar craft of higher power and lighter construction, and later still to the fin-keel. It is on this general type, improved by the experience of the recent racing-craft, that the new class has been based, the first limitation being that in racing the boats shall be so classed as to avoid all competition with purely racing-boats of the lightest construction—boats whose superior speed is conceded from the start.

It is a fortunate circumstance that in beginning its work the committee was not called upon to create an imaginary craft, based solely on the known qualities, bad and good, of the types already summarized, but had before it a yacht which may be fairly classed as the ideal all-around boat, a real "fast cruiser"; in fact, it is to the practical work of this boat in the past two seasons that the idea of the new class owes its origin. The cutter *Rajah*, already mentioned, was for some seasons the property of an old Corinthian and experienced cruiser in small craft, Mr. H. W. Eaton, of the Larchmont and Seawanhaka yacht clubs, her anchorage being at Larchmont, and her cruising-ground the Sound, between New York and Newport, throughout the entire yachting season. The many sterling qualities of the yacht from a cruising stand-point suggested to her owner the possibilities of a similar craft embodying the improvements in design of the last three years, thus retaining the accommodation with an increase of speed; and *Rajah* was made the subject of a very interesting experiment.

In common with all of her type for very many years back, *Rajah* possessed a large area of lateral plane and frictional surface, due to dead-wood at each end, especially at the forefoot. In compliance with the latest theories, this surplus dead-wood was cut away as much as was possible without impairing the strength, being removed entirely forward and aft of the lead keel, the surfaces being carefully rounded off. Mr. Eaton has always been a believer in the yawl rig, having imported in 1878 one of the first small cruising-yawls seen about New York, and his long experience with the rig on cruising-craft led him to make a radical change in *Rajah*, the conventional cutter rig, with long housing topmast and accompanying gear, being replaced by a shorter and lighter pole mast, stepped further forward, with a mizzen added. The results of the experiment, especially in the case of the rig, were so satisfactory as to lead to a new trial on a more extended scale, the rig being retained, while the hull was sold, as it stood at the end of its first season, to be replaced by an entirely new craft, to which the rig was transferred.

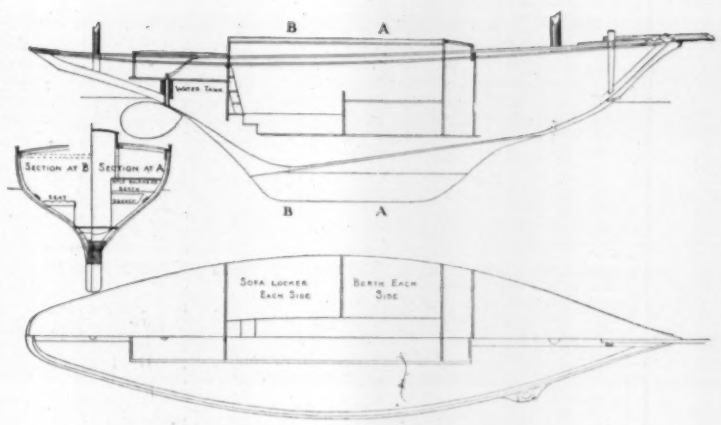
The immediate ends in view were good accommodation, a moderate and easily handled sail plan, sufficient speed to keep up with other yachts of about thirty feet in sail-



MIDSHIP SECTIONS OF TYPICAL 30-FOOT YACHTS, 1880 TO 1895.

ing and cruising, and, if possible, to sail successfully in the yawl class in the club races.

All of the most modern speed features are represented in the lines—the hollow midship section of limited area; the reduced lateral plane, with deadwood cut away at both ends, conserving an effective form for lateral resistance, with a minimum of immersed surface and a low disposition of ballast; the full water-lines and easy flowing diagonals carried out into the resulting long ends, with their buoyancy and deck space, the freeboard being comparatively low. The accommodation, both on deck and below, would be considered exceptional even in the "tub" cruising cutter in which speed is hardly counted on; the deck space is very large, giving ample room for working; the sunk, self-bailing cockpit, 6 ft. by 3 ft., is large for this size of craft; and the deck openings are all included in a combination skylight and companion, showing but 11 in. of side at the highest point. The forecastle is particularly large and roomy, over 11 feet long from inside of stem to fore bulkhead, with 5 feet under deck at the after-end, giving every facility for cleanliness and ventilation. The mast being so far forward, thanks to the yawl rig, does not, as in most small yachts, destroy the valuable space where height and breadth are greatest.



SECTIONAL LINES OF THE YAWL YACHT "AUDAX."

The next two feet of length, shut off by a second bulkhead, forms a toilet-room, with W.C. on one side and lavatory on the other, the two bulkhead doors making both spaces into one room at will. The owner's stateroom takes up the space of 6 ft. 6 in. for the full width of the yacht, and is fitted with a berth on each side, with drawers beneath. The cabin is also 6 ft. 6 in. long, or really 7 ft. 4 in. between bulkheads, a deep clothes-locker on each side aft reducing the length of the sofas to 6 ft. 6 in. In each of these rooms the head-room is 6 feet under the top of the cabin trunk, the floor space between the fronts of the berths and sofas being 2 ft. 6 in. While there are few waste spaces and odd corners in the boat, room is found for ice-box and water-tanks; and there is a place for every essential of comfortable cruising life.

For two seasons *Audax* has taken part in the regular races about the west end of the Sound, meeting various craft of about her own length and some considerably larger, and fully establishing her claims for speed in both yawl and cutter classes. Apart from this, in numerous cruises between Larchmont and Newport, back and forth through the Sound in all weathers, she has proved exceptionally fast, dry, and easy in a seaway. It would seem that in her the problem of the typical all-around boat, the real "fast cruiser," had been solved in the first trial; and so clearly is this fact recognized about Larchmont that, as stated, she has been taken as the model for the formation of the new class.

The creation of such a class is likely to be an easy matter at the present time, when men are loath to build new *Wasps* or *Vigilants* for but one season's racing, but are still looking back to the good sport of the *ante-fin-cum bulb* era; the only difficulty lies in the preservation of the class under the stress of racing. It is quite evident that if racing alone were considered, these boats could not compete against a racing fin-keel; and it is even doubtful whether they would not succumb to such a craft as *Handsel*, a thorough fin-keel, but with cruising appointments, good in their way, though inferior to the new keel type. It seems desirable in every way to separate the two types, and this has practically been done by a limitation to the minimum area of midship section allowed in the new class. Even with the fin barred, there is a danger to the class at the hands of an owner who cares nothing for cost or cruising, but sees a chance to reap a cheap and transitory glory by heading the class for a season. To this end it would only be necessary to follow the general design of the boats in the class, but emphasizing each feature, such as extreme dimensions, hollow section, and reduced lateral plane, with a reduction of scantling and a cutting down of the interior fittings, such as bulkheads and furniture, to the minimum limit which would be accepted by a regatta committee as within the letter of the rule, all considerations of utility and convenience in cruising being disregarded.

STONE WALL BUNKER, "HURDLES," AND CLUB-HOUSE.

THE NEW MORRISTOWN GOLF CLUB.

BELIEVERS in what is known as the Argument for Design may point with pride to the "Devil's Punch-Bowl" at Morristown as a shining proof of the soundness of their hypothesis. For unknown ages this curious natural depression in an otherwise level upland has been patiently waiting to be put to its appointed use. For ordinary purposes it was comparatively valueless. It could not be built upon; it was too steep to cultivate; it was only fit for grazing sheep. And then one fine day a wandering golfer teed a little white ball on a point of vantage, and with one mighty swing drove the sphere clean over the tall oak-tree that stands at the bottom of the hollow to the grassy slope two hundred yards away. That settled it: the "Punch-Bowl" was a golf-course beyond the shadow of a doubt; its purpose in the creation of the universe was accomplished, and the Argument for Design had been vindicated.

The Morris County Golf Club is now little more than a year old. It was started as a distinctively feminine organization, the men being members only by courtesy. Now, however, the men pay dues as well as the women, and the Green Committee, which is exclusively masculine in its make-up, has general charge of the grounds, and the outside affairs of the club, while the ladies content themselves with holding office, and with the oversight of the handsome colonial club-house that stands on the edge of the "Punch-Bowl," just back of the first teeing-ground.

The original course consisted of seven holes and covered about fifteen acres of ground. At the beginning of this season sixty-five acres were added to the grounds, and a full course of eighteen links laid out, covering a distance of about two and three-quarter miles. The fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth holes are the same as the fourth, fifth, sixth, and "home" holes of the short course, the finish being close to the north-east end of the club-house. By this arrangement the excellent hazards afforded by the "Punch-Bowl" are utilized to their fullest extent, and there is no interference with the rights of the short-course players.

Starting from the first tee, there is a drive of 170 yards along the edge of the "Punch-Bowl." With a fairly straight drive the hole is an easy one, the approach being on a gentle down grade, but severe punishment awaits the unlucky man who "pulls" his ball into the yawning hollow on his left. Once in the depths of the "Punch-Bowl," it is only first-class iron play that can make up for the error. In ordinary play the hole can be made without difficulty in from three to five strokes, an average which holds good for most of the short-course holes. The second hole lies 160 yards away, the course being at right angles to the first link. The play is across the western dip of the "Punch-Bowl," and a short drive leaves the ball against a very difficult rise, full of loose stones, and affording very bad lies. An oak-tree that stands on the very edge of the hollow, and ten yards to the right of the line, is apt to spoil a drive that is a trifle off the toe, but which would otherwise have fallen close to the green. The distance to the third hole is 458 yards, the longest drive of the course. Outside of its length the hole is an uninteresting one, the ground being almost level, and at present without artificial hazards. The play to the fourth hole, a distance of 295 yards, is also devoid of interest.

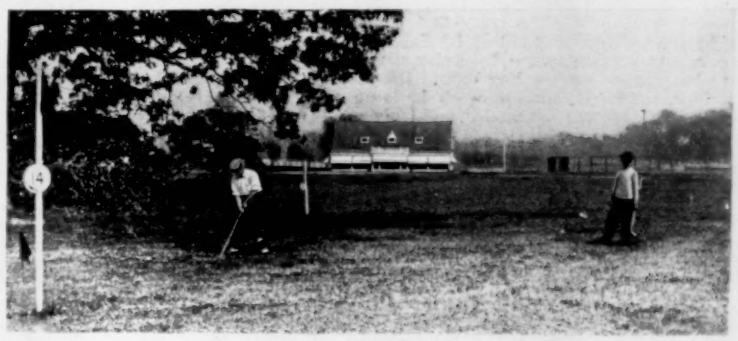
The play to the fifth hole crosses the railway embankment, the ground descending gently to a post-and-rail fence. The distance is 287 yards, and the lies are exceptionally good, the turf being close and firm. The course to the sixth hole runs over a gently rolling country for 247 yards, with some natural hazards of "islands" of briers and long grass.

The seventh hole is the most picturesque of the outgoing course. It lies at the bottom of a circular depression known as the "Little Punch-Bowl," and is surrounded by woodland on three sides. The distance is 185 yards, and a large "island" of briers and rocks that lies directly in line and on the edge of the descent to the hole is a veritable pitfall for the man who does not drive his distance. It is a good sporting link, and the loveliness of its situation might well content any one but a medal player to lose a stroke or two for the pleasure of tarrying awhile in its cool and verdant seclusion.

It is a good long drive of 300 yards to the eighth hole, with some fine hazards in the way of sand pits and a post-and-rail fence. The ninth hole is 257 yards away, with a blind ditch lying like a lion in the path. The tenth hole has a length of 434 yards, and a gap through a wind-break of forest trees with an earth bunker in front of it presents an exceptionally good hazard. The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth holes (distances 144, 333, and 159 yards) call for no special mention. Across to the fourteenth hole, distance 157 yards, the line of play is over a sunken road, and to the fifteenth hole the course is directly through the widest part of the "Punch-Bowl," the distance being 193 yards, and with an approach that makes a short drive fatal to a record.

The last three holes (distances 198, 177, and 149 yards) have good artificial hazards in the shape of an earth bunker topped by young evergreens, a stone wall, and a series of short fencing known as the "hurdles."

Taking the course as a whole, the holes around the "Punch-Bowl" are perhaps the best at present, as the natural hazards are more interesting, and the greens, through having a season's care, are smoother and truer. The outlying links will undoubtedly improve in time, and with the addition of new hazards. As the long course was only opened on Saturday, with the match between the professionals Willie Park, Jun., and William Norton, no amateur record has as yet been established for the full eighteen holes. On the short course Mr. Phipps holds the club cup for men, with a record of sixty-six, twice around, or fourteen holes. Miss A. Howland Ford has twice won the ladies' cup, and is its present holder.



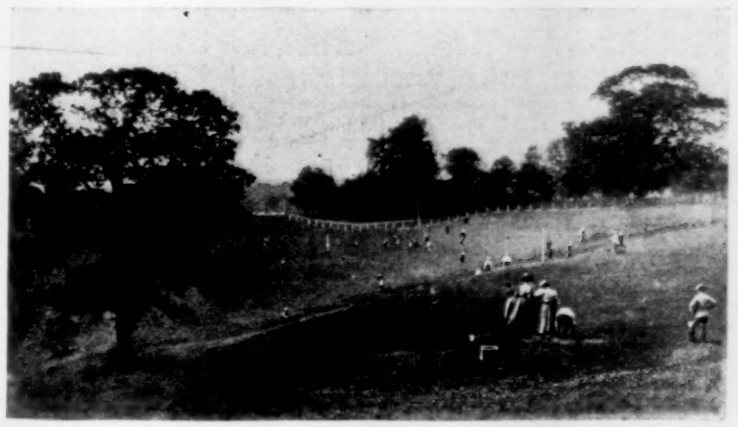
THE FOURTEENTH HOLE.

THE YALE CREW.

BY HENRY STANFORD BROOKS.

THE Yale crew has left for New London. They have finished and put behind them two periods of their training—the tank and the harbor, and are entering upon the last—the homestretch, so to speak.

Only a man who has trained for the 'varsity eight can realize what this means. The long dreary training through the winter months, the host of candidates for each vacant position, the absolutely endless monotony of the daily row in the tank; then the icy harbor, with a wind that seems to sweep right through one, and the very new candidate that can always be counted on to catch a crab every fifteen minutes—all these things are of the past; the drudgery is over; the crew has been chosen; the successful candidate begins to reap his reward. If he is an upper-class man the under-class men regard him with awe; if he is an under-class man, he is the idol of his fellows, for there is no honor so highly esteemed at Yale as the privilege of handling a blue sweep at New London. The crew was a phantom before; now it is a reality—a thing of flesh and blood, something that belongs to each individual man in the university. Every day for the last week the university has visited the boat-house to see them row between the two bridges; they cheer them every time they pass; the bridge is black with townspeople also, who join in the general enthusiasm and add their voices to the cheering, for the relations between "town and gown" have changed; things are not as they were; the crew belongs to them



THE FIRST TEE.

also. The boats have been tenderly packed and shipped; the army of camp-followers have gone on ahead to open up the house at Gales Ferry. The 'bus drives up to the campus to take the crew to the station; each man is cheered by name; all file in, and off they go, every one wishing them "God-speed" with just a little lump in his throat as they vanish out of sight; it is foolish, but one could not help it.

Captain Armstrong has pursued a different policy in training his men this year—a policy entirely his own. At Yale the captain is absolute, and to his judgment is left all matters of training and general living; he surrenders his authority only to the coach when actually on the water. It can readily be seen how almost unconsciously the crew take on the complexion of their captain, and how much of the happiness of the men depends on him; if he is morose and taciturn, they are morose and taciturn also; if he is light-hearted and cheerful, they are cheerful too. Armstrong shows the strongest kind of individuality. He has lessened the amount of training very perceptibly; in fact, Yale has recently curtailed the severity of training in all branches of her athletics, and in this she has made a very wise move, for experience has taught her that too much training is almost as bad as too little. The routine is about the same as in former years: breakfast at 7.30, preceded by a short walk; dinner at one; daily practice row from four to seven, followed by supper, and bed at 10.30. The diet is broader; the men eat pretty much what they like within reason; they are even allowed hot drinks and Graham-bread, something unheard of in former years. Ale is always served, and this year claret has been added to the list of drinks, which is very popular in hot weather. Where Armstrong shows his strongest individuality is in his method of handling his men; he has taken them into his confidence, and is making them all bear a part of the responsibility.

Bob Cook arrived in New Haven a few days ago and saw the men row for the first time. Yale can never pay the debt she owes Bob Cook—first, for establishing the principles of rowing, and thereby giving her a consistent course to pursue; second, by giving so much of his time to instruct each succeeding crew. His judgment is unfailing, and as a finishing coach he is unsurpassed; he comes when he is most needed, and truly acts the part of a loyal son of Yale. He seems very much pleased, on the whole, with the crew. No long rows were given them, for most of the time was used in individual coaching or short spins. When one sees the vast throngs of people who come to New London year after year, content to catch a glimpse of the crews from an observation train two or three miles distant from the actual contest, one wishes they could all see the men from the launch just once; the firm set faces, the brown backs, the fleeting expressions, the strong contrasting individualities, the croaking of the cockswain, the muffled rhythmic sound of the oars, all lend a certain inspiring reality that can never be forgotten. Yale has often boasted that her men are drawn from the country at large, and certainly this year's crew bear her out in this assertion. Beard, Cross, and Dater are from New York State, Longacre from Pennsylvania, Holcombe from New Haven, Treadway from Iowa, Langford from Minnesota, and Armstrong from Virginia. The crew up to the present time have been coached principally by Dr. Percy Bolton and Captain Armstrong himself. Armstrong is a strong believer in ground-work, and when he persuaded Bolton to instruct the crew in the rudiments, he obtained the best possible coach for that kind of work. Bolton is as good a coach for imparting the principles of rowing to a crew in the early part of the season as Cook is in finishing off a crew at the close of the season. The crew, on the whole, are rather young; Longacre is probably the oldest, about twenty-two, and Beard, who is only nineteen, is the youngest. About Easter the crew forsook the barge and went into the shell, and at the time of the class races were rowing in very fair form; after this they took the usual slump, which, after all, was not a very bad one; they soon recovered, and have been steadily improving; for the last two weeks the improvement has been very decided. They have been favored by unusually smooth water on the harbor. They are rowing very fast, and have a tremendously heavy drive, which does not look at all effective, but is in reality very telling on the speed of the boat; the boat travels on a very even keel, and does not stop between strokes. Their blade-work is very neat, although the observant critic would say that herein lies their greatest fault. The crew are at present rowing in the following order:

Bow	Armstrong	158	No. 5	Dater	184
No. 2	Holcombe	177	" 6	Longacre	178
" 3	Beard	177	" 7	Treadway	178
" 4	Cross	193	Stroke	Langford	168

Total weight of crew, 1413 pounds; average weight, 176¼ pounds.

There has been no effort to keep the weight of the men down; all that has been left to New London. Up to the present time the men have not rowed more than thirty-one strokes to the minute, a very low rate for this time of year. This is due to two causes—the persistent coaching in the direction of a slow stroke, and to the extreme weight of the crew. On account of this weight they will not row, in all probability, a higher stroke than thirty-two or, at most, thirty-four on the day of the race. On May 18th Cross was rowing at No. 4 and Longacre at No. 6; they were then changed, Cross going to No. 6 and Longacre to No. 4. Last week Cross was moved back to No. 4 and Longacre to No. 6. This change was made because Cross is such a big man that it is difficult for him to follow the man in front of him when he is rowing at No. 6. It is absolutely necessary for a good crew to have the last four—5, 6, 7, and 8—row perfectly together; if they are together, the rest of the men will follow them. Cross is a little apt to get behind the rest when the stroke is raised, so it was decided to put him in the first four. Individually the men have improved very much over their work of two weeks ago. Langford, the stroke, is still a little poor on his blade-work, but he is rowing a good long stroke, and an excellent one for the men behind him to follow. He seems to take his work a little harder than the rest of the men, but great care is being taken of him, and there is small chance of his going to pieces. Treadway is taking the stroke off Langford exceedingly well, and is an excellent No. 7. A better man for the position could not be found; his finish is a little poor, but he is improving in this respect every day. Longacre at No. 6 is also doing good work; he uses his great strength to good advantage. Dater at No. 5 makes the last four very powerful. Cross at No. 4 takes the stroke very well, although he has the appearance to an observer of being heavy. This hot weather and the work at New London will reduce his weight and make the boat more uniform. Beard at No. 3 is an exceedingly strong man, and is capable of a good deal of work; he is a plucky fellow, and the kind one likes to see in a race. Holcombe is a young giant. His work up to the present time has been very crude, but he is rapidly getting the rough edges rubbed off, and after he has been in New London for a week or so will come around in good shape. Armstrong at bow is a strong man for the position; he is a good oar, with plenty of strength to rely on.

There is not a weak man in the boat this year; strength and plenty of it is visible everywhere.

The Freshmen are rowing as follows:

Bow	Cramm	160	So. Norwalk, Conn.
No. 2	McLachlin	176	Cleveland, Ohio.
" 3	Marsh (Capt.)	171	Troy, N. Y.
" 4	Hitchkock	173	Cleveland, Ohio.
" 5	J. Rogers	180	Toledo, Ohio.
" 6	Whitney	165	New York city, N. Y.
" 7	Mills	170	West Point, N. Y.
Stroke	D. F. Rogers	162	New York city, N. Y.

Taking them as a whole, they are rowing fairly well at the present time, but fail to get at the real principle of the Cook stroke—a clear sharp catch and an easy finish. They are rowing about thirty strokes per minute, and look like a strong sturdy lot, but need a great deal of hard work and considerable coaching. Up to the present time they have been coached by Smith and Knapp, two of last year's 'varsity substitutes. They go to New London on June 15th, and when they obtain the practice of rowing against the university at New London it will do them a world of good. They lack that long heavy drive which is so noticeable in the 'varsity. Still, there is no reason why, with proper handling from now on, they should not develop into a good crew. As it is, they are easily above the average of Freshman crews.

THE PRINCETON-YALE BASEBALL game on Saturday not only decided the series between these two colleges by giving the second game to Yale at 9–8, but was one of the most peculiar and interesting games of the season. For Yale, it was an admirable piece of up-hill work, and should redound directly to the New Haven men's credit as such. For Princeton, it was a game lost by poor work and by a lamentable weakness at critical moments. Princeton lost to Yale at New Haven, in the first game, by a close point and an error. The chances therefore stood somewhat in her favor Saturday. She was on her own grounds, and her record for the year of five games lost out of twenty-four, to Yale's nine lost out of twenty-four, was a good estimate, as such estimates go, of their relative strength. But further than this, the fact that at the end of the second inning the score stood at 7–1 in Princeton's favor on her own grounds ought to have been quite sufficient to give her the game. The Yale men nevertheless did some extraordinary work in the third and sixth innings, and when once the game began to favor them a little they made absolutely the best use of their chances. Another unusual feature of the match was the work in the box. Carter from the start showed that his arm had gone to pieces so far as pitching was concerned. He did very poor work, and he was forced to give place to Trudeau at the close of the second inning. It was Rustin's intention to have Carter stay in the box for three innings, but Carter weakened so soon that he had to leave. Trudeau, nervous as he is, was a great improvement. On the Princeton team two mistakes were made, mistakes which we hoped would not be made, and which we said a week or two ago should be avoided. Easton, the Freshman, pitched until the fourth, and Altman was relieved in the sixth inning by Wilson. Altman is the only man of the three who could keep his head steady without Trenchard through an entire game, but so far as pitching itself goes he is not equal to either of the other two. Since Trenchard was on hand, there was no argument for using Altman, and it would have shown far better judgment, and have produced much better results, if Wilson had gone in at the beginning, with Easton as change pitcher. The runs of the game were made while Easton and Altman were in the box, and the team was less steady then than at any other time during the game. Thus, if Trudeau had gone in at first for Yale, and Wilson for Princeton, the score would have been less at any rate, and at all events the two change pitchers would really have done better than the regular men. But take it for all and all the game was a stunning piece of up-hill work for the Yale men, who made some costly errors and bad plays, such as Greenway's passed ball in the second inning, letting in two men, but played a vigorous game under bad odds through most of the afternoon.

THE PLAYING OF YALE in what may perhaps be the championship game of the season, unless Harvard puts in some strong work on her battery between now and the 20th, was loose in parts and in certain innings, but so well organized and so complete as to team-play in two or three innings, when the game seemed to run their way, that it is difficult to give a just and accurate estimate of the strength of the team as a team in comparison to nines of other years. Speaking broadly, the Yale nine showed capacity for remarkable play, and an inability to keep up to their best standard all the time. Of the men themselves, Carter's wrench to his arm in the New York game seems to be fatal, and it was conclusively proved on Saturday that Rustin would make a mistake if he put him in the box on the 20th and 25th against Harvard. Trudeau is the best man the New Haven men can raise this season for the pitcher's place. He is not very certain, and is so nervous that there is constant danger of his weakening, but he plays a steady game. He is better than Carter now, at any rate. Greenway is a clever catcher, and needs little comment. He is strong and steady, though he occasionally lets a slip creep into his work that gives such advantages as two runs to the opposing team. Rustin is, of course, a magnificent batsman, but whether his responsibilities as captain have weighed on him, or whether his play has actually weakened a little, the fact remains that he made a couple of errors on Saturday, and a bad one at the New Haven game with Princeton, all of which cost Yale something of importance. Stephenson at first base did all that could be asked of him throughout the Saturday game. He is quick, and careful in keeping to his base at all critical times, though some of his throws are not what they might be. There was an unfortunate accident at the preliminary practice that put J. Quimby out of the game. He injured his arm so severely as to prevent him from filling second-baseman's position, and Letton went in his stead, until the time came for Carter to go out of the box, when Redington came to second base, Carter went to centre field, and Trudeau took the box. Letton is a poor batsman, and is not quite up to 'varsity standard on the critical plays. Redington, however, did clever work at second base, after he was moved in there, and once or twice on pretty difficult throws and quick fielding he kept up his end of the game well. S. Quimby at third made a bad error in the third inning, and came near making others, for once or twice Princeton men got to first on strokes that could hardly be called honest base hits. Quimby is indeed inclined to be slow. He usually stops after he has secured the ball, and sometime he loses a chance to put the man out at first. Speer and Keator played clean games all through, though the latter had little to do at any time on Saturday. Speer made one of the best and prettiest plays in this game—a game that was so remarkable for very good and pretty bad plays. In the last half of the third Bradley hit a high one to Speer, which he caught well. Meantime Ward, who had been on first, was doing his best to get to second. On seeing Speer get the fly he tried to recover first, but an admirable and a long throw by Speer got to Stephenson before he did, and the result was a not uncommon but, in this instance, an extremely well-made double play.

FOR PRINCETON, TRENCHARD played the game of the day, though he made one bad error of judgment in trying to get a foul that belonged distinctly to Otto, the first-baseman. The foul went down not very far from first base; either Otto or Trenchard might have secured it, but it naturally belonged to the first-baseman, and, besides this, the latter called while running, and Captain Brooks called for him to take it also. Trenchard was too intent on the game and on doing everything that lay in his power to win to think that others were calling to him to let the foul go. He struck Otto a severe blow in the face with his head, the ball meantime going its own sweet way. It was this species of uncertainty at just the important moment that lost the game for Princeton. Yale recovered slowly and steadily from the 7–1 score against her, but Princeton, when she tried somewhat the same thing, did not succeed in getting her team down to that sure, hard, steady method of play that stops a scoring inning of the other side or carries one's own team along on a successful wave. The place to look for the cause of this fault is in the system and team-play, not in the individual men. Aside from this bad collision, Trenchard's play behind the bat was almost faultless. He steadied the whole team; he kept Easton up to his work for two innings, and tried hard to do so in the third; he caught half a dozen bad fouls straight in the air against a bright sun, and he did not really let a single ball go by him, though one or two came very near being passed balls. Easton, Altman, and Wilson are all pretty good pitchers, but none of them is what could be called a man distinctly of the first class. Easton is uncertain, occasionally wild, and dangerously young for a deciding game with a good nine. Altman is not very swift, nor is he strong on his management of the ball. Wilson comes the nearest to being a first-class pitcher, and Wilson should have pitched the entire game. He has remarkably good control of the ball, and he is moderately swift. Otto, who was replaced by Smith in the last inning, played an even game on first, and, like Gunster on third, kept himself free from errors. There were one or two balls which went out to right field, but which Otto should have stopped, and he did not play with that determination to win which characterized Trenchard's work, for example. As a result, he lost a chance to make one or two good plays, without really making errors. Ward, at second base, made the best showing he has made this year, and altogether filled the position well. He took a very pretty ball that just touched Easton's hands as it went over. He took a hot liner off Carter's bat, too, in good form, and he played more as Trenchard did—to win at all fair costs—than any one else on the nine. Brooks, the captain, at short stop kept up his end better than he has done during the last few games, and his play—which is always quick and steady—was clever and well done in this match. In the out-field Payne, at left, made a most costly error in the third inning, which in its results far more than overbalanced his home run in the first inning, for it let in three men at a time when Yale, if she had been held down one or two more innings, might not have been able to catch up in time to win. Of course one can never tell what might have happened in case such things had not occurred, but with the score at 7 to 1 in Princeton's favor for two more—that is, five—innings, the home team would have had a strong position. Payne's pass brought the total up to 7 to 4, and it only needed a good inning for Yale to tie the runs. Princeton was weak, or rather Princeton weakened in her team-play, not in the individual work, and lost the game through this and the good team-work of Yale.

THE CALIFORNIA TRACK-ATHLETIC TEAM, which broke the ice this year in coming East to take part in the Inter-collegiate meeting, has gone home with a great deal stored up to its credit. All the men made a good showing, and there was not one among them who was not distinctly "in" every event he entered. Dyer and Koch, with Torrey, were the best men, and they came very close to making a good many more points for California than they did. But as it was they won from Princeton in the Princeton-California games, tied Pennsylvania in the California-Pennsylvania games, took fifth place at the Inter-collegiates, and now, on their return trip, they have won the championship in the Western Inter-collegiate games held at Chicago on Saturday the 1st of June. They not only won, but they won with thirty-five points to Michigan University's second of only seventeen points. California is to be heartily congratulated on the success of her team's trip. Not only have her men proved that the American Inter-collegiate championship cannot justly be decided unless they take part, but they have shown how easily and successfully the far West can meet the East, and how successfully the whole of the collegiate United States can gather together about one track and hold a healthy contest.

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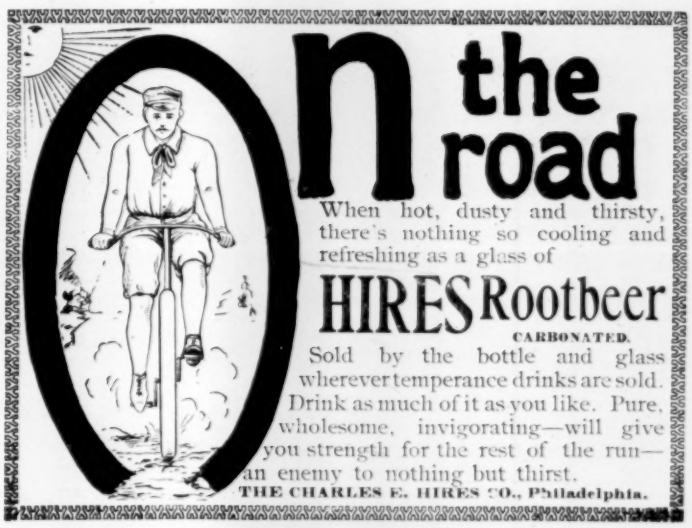

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